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HOW OUR COUNTRY WAS SAVED.

WALTER D. PLOWDEN.

THE following highly interesting account of the services rendered by one of the colored heroes of the war, we take from the *Daily Globe* (Washington) of the 29th ult. It will be seen that while Congress can squander millions uselessly, it begrudges the trifling relief asked for this disabled veteran:

Mr. Harding, from the Committee of Claims reported a bill (H. R. No. 1323) for the relief of Walter D. Plowden; which was read a first and second time.

The bill directs the proper officers of the War and Treasury Departments to allow and pay to Walter D. Plowden $1,000 for services as a scout spy, and in consideration of his long confinement in rebel prisons for being a Union man.

Mr. Holman—I suggest that the bill be modified by striking out the words "proper officers of the War and Treasury Departments" and inserting "Secretary of the Treasury."

Mr. Harding—I have no objection to that. I yield for three minutes to the gentleman from Tennessee.

Mr. Hawkins—An examination of this case reveals this state of facts: this man went into the army, not into the service of the United States, but as the servant of an officer, and, after remaining in the service of that officer for some time, and with other officers in the same capacity, in 1862 he went into one of the hospitals as steward or waiter, or in some position of that kind. He never served as a soldier. While about the hospital he was sent once or twice into the rebel lines and brought back contrabands, sometimes one thing and sometimes another. There was no evidence that he was regularly employed as a spy. This is to give him $1,000, when he was never in the army as a soldier. He was there as a servant, not as a soldier. It will be unjust to those who did serve as soldiers to make this appropriation, and I hope it will be rejected.

Mr. Harding—The gentleman is mistaken. His remarks do not apply to this man. There is nothing in reference to this man having been in the hospital. He has reference to some other man.

Mr. Hawkins—I have reference to this identical man. There was a paper showing his connection with the hospital, but I do not know whether it is there now or not.

Mr. Harding—We have the testimony of Major-General Hunter and of other officers in favor of this man. I ask that the report be read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. Harding, from the Committee of Claims, to whom was referred the memorial and evidence of Walter D. Plowden, makes the following report:

That claimant, who was born a slave in Washington County, Maryland, emancipated in early life, found his way to the City of New York, and, in 1861, at the breaking out of the rebellion, accompanied the Forty-Third Regiment New York volunteers as servant to Major White, surgeon of the regiment, into South Carolina.

After the discharge and muster out of Major White, with whom he had gained a large experience with the colored people and the troops on the coast, he was employed by Major General Hunter, then in command of the Federal forces at Beaufort and Hilton Head, as a scout and spy, and as a guide in various expeditions from the coast into the interior of the State.

In the spring of 1863 he was sent by night on a secret expedition, with a row-boat and eight colored men, up the Combahee river one hundred and thirty-one miles to the crossing of the Charleston and Savannah railroad, in the vicinity of the Pocotaligo, from which he returned in five days, reporting the condition of the bridges and trussel work, and the strength of the military guard of the enemy at that crossing.

Immediately following, he accompanied the well-known expedition of Colonel Montgomery, Thirty-fourth United States colored troops, against Pocotaligo, as a guide, which was successful in the destruction of the railroad bridge and the release from slavery and the service of the enemy of eight hundred colored men and a large amount of property, which were used by the United States government. Soon thereafter, in May, 1863, he was sent on a third expedition as a scout and spy to the Coosawatchie river, with a boat and five colored men, with orders to cut the telegraph on the Savannah and Charleston railroad at Gardner's Corners, the crossing of the railroad over the Coosawatchie. This bridge was so strongly guarded that after several efforts, by night, to cut the wires, the attempt was abandoned, and the expedition was unsuccessful.

In June following he was sent up the Ashepoo with a boat and eight colored men, and was perfectly successful in setting the bridge of the Savannah and Charleston railroad on fire and burning it up. The rebel guard attacked his little crew in their flight, and they barely made their escape.

In July following he was sent up the Broad river with a boat and eight colored men, making progress by night and scouting out into the country to the camps of the enemy by day, taking observations of the location and strength of picket posts, and the position of military forts and works of the rebels. He returned with all this information to Gen. Hunter. Immediately thereafter he accompanied Gen. Benham's expedition up the Broad river to Chisholm's Landing, as guide and spy. The force was four gunboats and a brigade of troops, which inflicted serious punishment for two days to the rebels, capturing prisoners and destroying military works and material of war.

After his return from this expedition he was sent ten miles within the rebel lines from the main land at Hilton Head, and returned bringing information to Gen. Saxton, by which he captured the rebel pickets on the next day.

In September following he was sent as foot spy to Bluffton, within the rebel lines, and returned with the information which led to its immediate capture by Gen. Hunter. He accompanied the troops as guide to Bluffton.

In December following he was sent as spy up Stone inlet to Waupo Cut for information as to the condition of the rebel ram there building, and which was expected to come out of the inlet very shortly. On this expedition, for want of sufficient force to out-row the rebels, he was captured in his flight from Waupo Cut, when he was almost within shot of the Pawnee, the Federal man-of-war to which he hoped to escape, lying at the mouth of the inlet.

He was put into prison at Cha on, January 2, 1864, and closely confined, without food but just sufficient to support life, for more than fifteen months, and was released when Gen. Sherman's army marched into South Carolina.

In this service he invariably reported to Gen. Hunter, Gen. Saxton, Gen. Benham, or Gen. Terry, and received nothing as pay except the necessary outfit of arms and subsistence.

The committee have carefully collected this history from Major-Gen. Hunter himself, from Gen. G. Howard, and from Chaplain Mansfield French, who was present and had knowledge of the circumstances here detailed.

At the time when this claimant was employed by Gen. Hunter that officer states that he had not in his possession secret service money in order to pay him, and that he is well aware that he never was paid for the important services thus rendered.

Owing to his captivity the claimant lost his health and strength, and now remains broken and almost physically incapacitated from manual labor.

From these considerations, the committee recommend that a bill be passed for his relief, appropriating $1,000 in compensation for his services as scout and spy in South Carolina during the war for the suppression of the slaveholder's rebellion.

Mr. Harding—I now ask the Clerk to read the letter of Gen. Hunter.

The Clerk read as follows:

DEAR GENERAL: The bearer, Walter D. Plowden, a colored man from South Carolina, was in my employ as a spy when I commanded, during the rebellion, in that State. He was sent a number of times within the rebel lines, always bringing valuable information, until he was finally captured and detained as a prisoner. Plowden never received compensation for his services, and is now an applicant to Congress for remuneration. I do not know of any more just claim against the government; and if you can assist him you will greatly oblige me, and confer a great favor on a very worthy man.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your most obedient servant, D. HUNTER.

Brevet Major-General U. S. Army.

Gen. A. C. HARDING,
United States House of Representatives.

Mr. Harding—I demand the previous question.

The House divided; and there were—ayes 42, nays 42.

Mr. Holman called for tellers.

Tellers were ordered; and Mr. Holman and Mr. Harding were appointed.

The House again divided; and there were—ayes 44, nays 51.

So the House refused to second the previous questions.

Mr. Holman—I move that the bill be recommitted.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Harding—I move that the report be printed in the *Globe*.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Holman moved to reconsider the vote by which the bill was recommitted; and also moved that the motion to reconsider be laid on the table.

The latter motion was agreed to.

MURDER OF UNION MEN IN TEXAS.

STARTLING STATISTICS—REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LAWLESSNESS TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE Special Committee appointed by the Texas Constitutional Convention, to inquire into and report upon the alleged prevalence of lawlessness and violence in that State, presented their report on the 2d inst. The Committee state that, although they made every possible effort to learn the facts connected with the subject, they were unable to acquire a thorough knowledge of all of them. The report says:

We have found no little difficulty in getting gentlemen to testify before us. Many are unwilling, and others are afraid of assassination should they do so; and hence, very few have responded to the summons of the Committee. We do not, therefore, offer this report as a complete exhibit of crime in Texas. We feel confident that it presents a very imperfect view of the actual violence and disorder in the State.

The report continues as follows:

In our statistics we have not embraced assaults with intent to kill, rapes, robberies, whipping of freedmen, and other outrages, many of which are found to be most cruel and wanton; such a summation would impose an almost endless task. We have directed our investigations to the homicides committed during the period of time intervening between the close of the rebellion and the 1st of June, 1868; and, from the three sources of information mentioned, we present the following statistics of homicides in Texas:

	Whites.	Freedmen.	Totals.
Killed in 1865	30	38	77
Killed in 1866	70	72	142
Killed in 1867	166	165	331
Killed in 1868	171	133	304
Year unknown	24	21	45
Of unknown race	..	..	40
Total	470	429	899

—making a grand total of 939 homicides committed in Texas since the conclusion of the war—June, 1865, to June 1, 1868, including a few cases casually reported in the present month. This gives an average of 313 per year. Of these 939 homicides, there were:

By whites, 464 whites, 373 freedmen.....837
By freedmen, 10 whites, 48 freedmen..... 58
And by parties whose race is unknown..... 48

Now, incomplete as they are, these figures tell a frightful story of blood. They represent stubborn facts which cannot be suppressed by denials, or by denouncing them as fabricated for political effect. And whoever attempts it is not only unfaithful to history, not only an apologist for crime, but may be justly charged as an accessory to the wickedness itself, as encouraging and abetting murderers and as equally guilty with them. We cannot shut our eyes upon these appalling scenes of bloodshed; and, instead of attempting to conceal them, it becomes us to face them honestly, and address ourselves to the duty of discovering the cause and locating the responsibility of this slaughter of our fellow-citizens.

In regard to freedom of speech, the Committee say:

There is absolute freedom of speech in very few localities in Texas. Union men dare not generally avow their political convictions. In many places they can hold political meetings only when supported by troops or armed men; and in many others they dare not hold them at all. In several instances their assemblies have been broken up and fired upon, and their speakers ordered to desist. The dominant Rebel element will not tolerate free discussion. We have been challenged to produce cases of Union men and freedmen being persecuted for their loyalty. We now do so. Judge Black was a Republican; he was murdered in 1867 in Uvalde County by a Rebel. Milton Biggs was a Union man, and had been appointed County Judge of Blanco County. He was murdered in 1867 while plowing in his field, before he could qualify. Judge Christian, a loyal man of Bell County, was pursued into Missouri and murdered by a party of Rebels. Mr. Wade and seven other gentlemen were killed in Damar County last year for their Unionism. Four men were recently murdered in the County of Hunt, and six in Bell County, for their loyalty. Within the present month the County Judge and the District Clerk of Hunt County have been driven from their homes and compelled to fly for their lives, because of their unyielding attachment to the government. Hundreds of loyal men, to our knowledge, are at this time forsaking their homes in Texas, fleeing from the assassin, forced away by Rebel intolerance. And we here put it to record that honorable members of this Convention are to-day exiles from their firesides and dare not return to their families, for the only reason that they will not forswear their principles. Now, while it remains true that the Union men of Texas constitute a very small proportion of the white population, and while it is true that they are being killed by Rebels, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that they are killed for their Unionism. In other words—if they were Rebels they would not be killed.

Full particulars of many of the outrages and assassinations which have been perpetrated are given. The report then continues as follows:

During the three months of Gov. Pease's administration, aided and sustained by Gens. Sheridan and Mower, and previous to the advent of Gen. Hancock, the murders in Texas, as already seen, averaged nine per month. The number during the other months of the same year averaged eighteen per month. And, confining our estimates to the records of the office of the Freedmen's Bureau, the number since the 1st of December, 1867, has averaged thirty-one per month. During the first month of Hancock's administration, December, there were thirty murders, reported by the Bureau. In other words, according to the lowest calculation, the peace administration of Gens. Hancock and Buchanan has to account for twice the number of murders committed under the Sheridan-Throckmorton administration, and three times the number committed under the Sheridan-Pease administration. Moreover, fuller reports show that since the policy of Gen. Hancock was inaugurated, sustained as it is by President Johnson, the homicides in Texas have averaged fifty-five per month; and for the last five months they have averaged sixty per month. And it is for the Commander of the Fifth Military District to answer to the public for at least two-thirds of the 330 or more homicides committed in Texas since the 1st of December, 1867. Charged by law to keep the peace and lend protection to life and property, and having the army of the United States to assist him in so doing, he has failed. He has persistently refused to try criminals, rejected the prayers of the Executive of the State and the Commanding-General of the District of Texas for adequate tribunals, and turned a deaf ear to the cry of tried and persecuted loyalists. And, knowing whereof we affirm, and in the face of the civilized world, we do solemnly lay to his charge the death of hundreds of the loyal citizens of Texas—a responsibility that should load his name with infamy, and hand his very memory to coming years as a curse and an execration.

N. Y. Tribune.

INDIAN SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA.

You have reports enough of murders committed by the Indians of the interior of the continent upon the whites who are passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but you hear nothing of the condition of the Indians in the settled portions of California, where they are submissive exactly in proportion to the power that the whites have over them. Here it is not too much to say that they are absolutely slaves. The whites claim and exercise absolute ownership over them; and, while there is no law to invest with ownership, no legal remedy is ever offered the Indian to right the wrongs to which he is subjected. He is daily bought and sold by his white masters; he is flogged by them whenever they choose, and he has no protection. The females are chosen by the white men for mistresses, and, when found to be unfaithful (as they almost always of course are), are flogged severely and sometimes put to death. They are hired out in gangs at so much per head, under the superintendence of an overseer. They are fed on coarse food, and sometimes on scant allowance of that. They are poorly clad, and in sickness they must generally take care of themselves as best they may. When wanted they must work, and even the nursing mother must carry her infant into the field, and work with it lying in its basket on the ground or strapped on her back while she works with the gang.

Of course, there is a great variety of treatment. The more humane among the masters often speak with indignation of the cruel treatment of brutal owners and overseers, but, almost without exception, those who have lived among them for a year or more, will warn the new comer against too great kindness toward them, and assure him that not only will they be *ungrateful* for it, but that they will deem the humane man kind only from cowardice, and will seek the first opportunity to destroy his property and, if possible, his life. And I am inclined to believe they are right, so numerous are the proofs of cases where men of comparative humanity have suffered from them, either in property or life, while the harsh and cruel keep them in such complete awe, that their Indians seldom dare attempt an injury.

I have used the word *ungrateful*, because such is the expression of the whites who control them. Yet I must confess I have never been able to see what they should be grateful for. A day's leisure, a cup of coffee, a quantity of sugar, an abundant meal of bread and meat are all pleasant luxuries to them, but I cannot see any great gratitude such indulgences could inspire toward those who have reduced them to a servitude quite as abject as that the negro endured in any portion of the late Slave States.

It is but fair, however, to state the reasons given by the whites for keeping them in their present state of bondage. The Californian who has known them for years will tell you that they have the least possible amount of paternal feeling; that they constantly destroy a portion of their offspring rather than take the trouble of providing for them, even when such provision costs but little labor; that their gluttony, and the amount of food they can consume, is absolutely surprising; that their laziness is excessive; that they have such a mania for gambling that they will risk everything they have, even unto the last rag of their own or their children's clothing, and that female chastity is so rare among them as to be not worth talking of. Nor is this picture much, if at all, overcharged. If their labor is even as profitable as that of well paid white laborers, it is only when the overseer is a man of great vigilance, great energy, and one who treats them with severity if not with harshness. Even then it is somewhat doubtful whether their carelessness and destructiveness do not cause more loss than the difference between their support, though unpaid, and the support and payment of intelligent white laborers. Their food costs much more; for however you may restrict them, they will steal and waste, if not from their owners, from other whites.

To keep them decently clad is an utter impossibility. One will win the clothing of half a dozen others in a night, and will probably destroy in a few days half of what he has won. Parental affection, too, is certainly at a very low ebb, for I have known a woman, a house servant, who feared her husband might kill her child even though that child was fed and clad in the house, and he had no reason to fear it would ever come to want. That the females are not chaste is certain, but whether such has always been the case, as white men assert, or whether it is mainly the fault of the white man himself, is a question I shall not pretend to decide.

The whites say also that unless they are kept under the absolute dominion of the civilized inhabitants, there will be no safety for settlers in their vicinity. That the Indians will form themselves into bands, and rob, burn and murder; and there can be little doubt that this is true. There was a time when they were very dangerous to the whites, and no settler could pass along the beach or near a thicket without danger of being shot by some Indian from his place of concealment.

Their baseness and destructiveness is also very great indeed. They will not work without fear of punishment, and they destroy tools, houshold untensils, and everything placed in their hands that is destructible; but I have yet to learn that the white man would be more industrious if placed in their position, or that he would be extremely careful of the property of an employer who would keep him in such a state of subjection, without hope for himself or his descendants.

Their gluttony and capacity for food is also astonishing. I dare not relate the feats I have seen Indians perform in the way of eating, much less the stories I have heard from others; but from what I have seen I lend a more credulous ear to stories that I at first thought purposely exaggerated to a stranger in the land.

As slaves, the Indians do not often seek the lives of the whites, though every now and then we hear of a white man killed by them. There was a time, however, some years since, when life among the whites was so unsafe that the settlers banded together and waged fierce war against every Indian they could find. The Government of the Union took the matter up, and an attempt was made to collect and govern the natives in reservations, where they should be cared for by officers placed over them. These reservations were abandoned before I came here, and the whites declare the Indians were worse off under the reservation system than they are now. They say that the funds provided by Government were stolen by men in Government employ, that the Indians were not well fed, clad or cared for, and were treated with quite as much severity as at present.

All this may be, but it does not follow that it must have been. It does not follow that the Indian could not be colonized, and made to live more dependently and less miserably than now. The experiment was not fully tried then, nor do I know that there was any chance for its success in the manner then proposed. It is certain, however, that an interference on the part of the Government is loudly called for. It is certain that the white man who takes an Indian—wife, as he sometimes calls her—mistress is considered as almost lost by the whites themselves. He does not raise her to his level, and if he does not reduce himself to her, he feels himself, after a little, and is felt by others, to be very much degraded. Her natural wastefulness, and his own carelessness, superinduced by his low position, often bring him to what he considers want, almost always to intemperance, and the offspring are not unfrequently sold by the father. I saw one little half-breed boy myself just bought from his father for a small debt, and on the way to his new home with his new master.

Nor need you be astonished at this. Indian slavery does not differ from black slavery in its effect on the white man. All slavery is debasing to the slaveholder, whether the Roman slaveholder, who threw his slaves into his fish-ponds, to be devoured by his fattening eels, or the American slaveholder, who sells his own half Indian or half negro offspring.

You may perhaps ask how the whites claim title to their Indians as slaves? I don't know that they claim a title, although some of them, I believe, pretend to. When the reservations were broken up, the officers fearing the Indians might again resort to war with the whites, distributed them among those inhabitants they considered the most intelligent, that they might be in some manner cared for. Other Indians are probably claimed by right of conquest.

But if they have no title to these Indians as slaves, they have the power at present to hold them as such.

England claimed the right to furnish America with slaves by virtue of the Assiento treaty, but it never inquired what right Spain had, even if backed by all Europe, the Pope, the Pretender, and the Devil, to cede the men of Africa as slaves. Still, as England had the power to take and sell them, and even to force them in many cases on unwilling colonies, few dared to say that might did not make right.

Here in California is the same feeling. The men have got the Indians, and none will dispute their right to hold them. If you inquire into the right the answer is by the question "What are we to do with them?" A hard question, indeed, but no answer to the inquiry. Self-preservation will not allow the whites to return the Indians to their mountain fastnesses to murder not only the settlers, but one another; and yet something must be done with and for them.

No one fears that Slavery will be permanent here, but every day it exists it is more debasing to the white man. If we throw away all thoughts of the rights and happiness of the Indian, we, at least, in justice to the whites, ought to see that, either by force or persuasion, the present system be done away with.

I have stated what are facts; let more able men use their power to make them, at as early a day as possible the facts of a past never to be recalled.

N. Y. Tribune.

MISSISSIPPI.

HOW THE ELECTION WAS CARRIED—OUTRAGES ON THE FREEDMEN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago *Tribune* at Holly Springs, Miss., says:

"Although the election is over and the excitement in a measure subsided, the rebels are still thirsting for blood. Only yesterday a man arrived here on foot from near Water Valley, a small town in Tallabusha county, about fifty miles distant. He was driven from his home by the Ku-Klux-Klan for having voted the Radical ticket. He is an old man, who, having worked all his life for his master, is driven from his home for being a Union man. Having labored hard this summer, he had a fine crop growing, which he will probably lose. Surely if there is justice in Heaven, such outrages will not go unpunished.

"At the same place two men were whipped, one of whom will probably die from injuries received. Their only crime was loyalty to the government.

"Mr. Phillips, a school-teacher and pastor of a church at Oxford, Lafayette county, was here yesterday. His life is threatened because he wrote a letter to the Jackson *Pilot*, exposing the outrages committed by the Rebels in that county. He says that when the election began, the freedmen were told if they could not vote the Democratic ticket they must not vote with the Radicals, for by so doing, they would make themselves enemies of their former friends, their masters. Succeeding in intimidating them so far that they were afraid to vote the Radical ticket, they next tell them they must vote the Democratic ticket or they would be considered enemies anyhow. Meantime a dozen or so were arrested under the frivolous excuse of their not giving their names exactly as registered, and the colored men were so frightened that they voted the Democratic ticket in a body. After having thus voted, many of them complained that they did so against their will; but the Rebel Democracy quietly informed them that such talk would not be allowed.

"I send you the above well authenticated facts in regard to outrages in Lafayette county, as an indication of the conduct of the Rebels all over the State. In many places there was not so much violence and intimidation used; in many others a great deal more. Down on the Yazoo they shot a negro, cut his throat, and, tying his hands behind him, threw him into the river.

"The Commissioners of Election in every county were insulted in every possible manner, without being subjected to open violence; and, if they dared reply, pistols and knives were in sight in an instant.

"Truly it has been a reign of terror all over the State. People of the North will scarcely realize the extent and fiendish character of Rebel violence.

"The loyal people of this State charge the 'Democratic Central Committee,' the Rebel stump orators and editors of this State with a deliberate and premeditated attempt to prevent a fair election.

"Sometime ago the 'Central Committee' issued a circular to the freedmen, telling them that, by joining the Loyal League, they rendered themselves liable to imprisonment in the penitentiary and a fine of a thousand dollars. They declared (what they knew was false, if they knew anything about it) that the object of the Loyal League was to compel men to vote the Radical ticket.

"In addition to this meanness they tried to produce the impression among the freedmen that the Democratic party was in favor of impartial suffrage.

"To understand more fully the audacious impudence of the charge against the Loyal League and their threat of fines and imprisonment, it is necessary to bear in mind that the Ku-Klux Klan is organized in every county of the State, and that its object is violence and assassination.

"They ended their 'address' with a threat that if they (the freedmen) voted the Radical ticket, they would never in the future give them any employment.

"This document, and others of like character, served both as a threat to the freedmen and a firebrand among the K.'s, infuriating them and rendering a fair election impossible in this State. The result has been that the election just past, has no parallel, for outrageous violence, in the history of our country."

THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

THE ASHBURN MURDER—WHO ARE THE MURDERERS?—FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, ETC.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 13th, 1868.

A REASONABLE theory about the assassination of Ashburn is said, by many Southern papers, to be that he was murdered by his own Radical friends, a party of whom perpetrated the deed on the night of March 30th. This story started in the Atlanta correspondence of *The Louisville Journal*, and appeared in a letter, "special correspondence of the L. J.," etc., dated Atlanta, June 26th. The authority given is a son of Ashburn, the murdered man.

If the story were true it is a very remarkable fact that the Democratic Mayor, Marshal, police, and ninety-nine-hundreths of the white population of Columbus, all intensly Democratic, have never been able to detect, make the arrests, or even point out a single one of a large band of men—some thirty or forty—who assembled from different parts of the town, went in a body to Ashburn's house, murdered him, and then dispersed through the streets to their several habitations.

I have heard it suggested that as money is being liberally contributed all over Geogia for the relief of the Columbus prisoners, some of it be devoted to offering a reward in Columbus for the discovery of Ashburn's murderers. Nothing could so thoroughly and effectually contribute to the relief of the men now on trial as the discovery of the fact that the murder was perpetrated by other and different persons.

But *The Louisville Journal* story has been read by young Ashburn, who is cited as authority for it, with the following result:

[From the Louisville Journal.]

ATLANTA, Ga., June 26, 1863.

* * * * * * *

I saw a few days ago a son of the notorious Ashburn, and learned his opinion as to who are the murderers of his father. He says, that for some days previous to the fatal night, there had been quite an ill feeling existing between his father and one Dr. Bently, who was a candidate against Ashburn for the Legislature, and that Bently had said Ashburn should never have the office. The opinion of the son is that Bently, at the head of a party of his friends, went to the negro bagnio in disguise, for the purpose of frightening Ashburn out of town by making him believe they were Ku-Klux; that his father was armed, and when the party broke into the room he fired two shots at them. Seeing him thus armed and firing, they fired in return, in self-defense. The son does not think that the party went with the intention of killing, but of frightening his father."

ATLANTA, Ga., July 10th, 1868.

Editor, Louisville Journal, Louisville, Ky.:

SIR: My attention has been drawn to the above passage in a letter dated Atlanta, June 26th, addressed to your paper and published in your issue of June 30th.

I trust you will do me the justice to publish a few remarks I have to make upon it. I shall be brief. I never held with any one such conversation as your correspondent describes. I know no such person as Dr. Bently, nor have I until now ever heard of him. My father never was a candidate for the Legislature. I never communicated to any one any such opinion concerning the murderers of my father as is set forth in the letter referred to. I never held, nor do I hold, such an opinion. On the contrary, I believe the assassination of my father to have been perpetrated by a different description of men. I also believe the story, as related to you, to be a fabrication, and the fabrication of your correspondent.

As he stated his authority to be a son of the notorious Ashburn, I will explain, in order to leave him no loop-hole of retreat, that my father leaves three sons, viz.: myself, a younger brother aged nineteen, and a little boy of two years of age. GEORGE R. ASHBURN.

ATLANTA, GA. July 10th, 1868.

I fully approve and concur in the above statements of my brother. T. A. ASHBURN.

The above letter (original) was forwarded to the editor of *The Louisville Journal* on the 11th inst., and, it is presumed, has been published in that paper.

The Louisville Journal has lately acquired a new editor, a Mr. Watterson, I believe, formerly of *The Chattanooga Rebel*. With a flourish of trumpets it was lately announced:

It is the business of the present management of *The Louisville Journal* to make it the first newspaper in the South or Southwest as a representative organ of the times.

One of the first efforts of the representative organ was to publish the Atlanta letter already referred to, which contains not only the falsehood just refuted, but a score of others, gross, vile, filthy, such as Brick Pomeroy might doubtfully scan and hesitatingly consign to the columns of his paper. It is very true that objectionable matter, within the space of a paragraph or two, may sometimes slip in and escape supervision. But this is not such a case. The letter in question is marked "Special correspondence of *The Louisville Journal*," and is eked out with displayed head lines of largest type, that show editorial care and salacious enjoyment of the scandalous falsehoods and vile inventions of his correspondent.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

It is a remarkable fact that in no country in the world does there exist a freedom of the press, pushed beyond the verge of licentiousness, such as is witnessed in the Southern States, which are, we are told, so oppressed and so down-trodden. They, almost daily, publish with impunity articles reeking with falsehood and black with violence against the Government, the Administration, Republicans of note, and, in particular, against military officers in Southern commands. Every one remembers the abominable paragraphs concerning Gen. Mower that went the rounds a few months since. Every one recollects the Vicksburg editorial performances.

And now we have in one of the most stately and influential of the Southern journals a column of shameless falsehood, garnished with editorial titles of transparent indecency, such as "Gen. —'s cat jumps out of the bag," "Outrage by Northern hirelings," "A new method of Reconstruction by a Loyal Satrap," etc., all doubtless considered legitimate fun by an intelligent and dignified Southern press, because you see its all about a d—d Yankee officer! And in their haste to vilify the Yankee, the sad fact is overlooked that they sacrifice the name and fame of a family of their own household, a family, whose sympathies and antecedents are intensely rebel. It is sufficient to say to those who may have read or heard the stories referred to, that they are utterly false, and so recognized by all the respectable citizens of Atlanta.

Here is another specimen of the freedom of the press referred to. I have already exposed the falsehood of the cruelties spoken of in a previous letter. The reference in the paragraph I am about to cite to the military commission is of an insolence and infamy unparalleled:

"We assert that our information is positive and reliable, that these infernal cruelties have been practised by the Federal military in Georgia upon black men in order to make them swear away the lives of innocent white men and respectable citizens before a military commission, organized to convict, and with murder in their hearts."—*National Intelligencer.*

This paragraph was copied into one of the rebel papers in the city, and published July 3d, immediately under the eyes of the Military Commission. Why do not these gentlemen clamor for the report made by Col. Schofield who was sent down here by President Johnson to examine into the case of the Columbus prisoners? Let them publish it. They have seen it. They announced that the release of the prisoners was immediately to follow the investigation.

What state of fact did Col. Schofield find in Atlanta. Tell us, gentlemen.

What was the result of the investigation? Tell us—if you dare.

Complimentary.—In connection with this Ashburn trial, I hasten to inform you that your correspondent is in receipt of a compliment he highly appreciates. From such a source it is high praise. I quote from the *Columbus Sun*:

"The New York, *Tribune* and the Cincinnati *Commercial* exhibit a venom and malignity against the Columbus prisoners which is only equaled by the inhuman and outrageous treatment to which they have been subjected by the military authorities."

It well becomes the *Sun* to talk about venom and malignity! Those who are familiar with its persecution of the murdered Ashburn can best appreciate it. The *Inquirer* mistakes it to some extent. A member of Ashburn's family has given me a letter addressed to the latter paper on the subject of the attacks made upon him. The letter was taken to the *Inquirer* office by a son of Mr. Ashburn. On presenting the letter, the young man was asked.

"What is this?"

"A letter from Col. Ashburn."

"We don't receive anything from him."

Of course, it was not published. Here is the letter; it is characteristic of the man:

To the Editors, Owners, and Publishers of the Columbus Daily Inquirer.

Gentlemen: I find the following language in your editorial column, issued under date of 9th inst., viz: "And to this end we think it a good suggestion for the people at once to take steps toward making out a true case against this individual (G. W. Ashburn) as being a public pest, noxious and mischievous to society at large, and an evil in the land that requires the military to suppress."

I demand that you make an effort to secure the evidence necessary to convict G. W. Ashburn as an emissary, and I pledge myself and friends to give you and yours all the aid we can to attain such an end. I demand that you carry out your threat. *First:* That the security (as you say) of the "lives of honest men their wives, and children" demand it. *Secondly:* The purity of truth and virtue demand it. *Thirdly:* I demand it because my wife and children call loudly for it. *Fourthly:* I demand

it because the personal security of myself from or against the assassin in whose hands your editorial has placed a deadly weapon, and authorized him to use it on my person to the extent of ridding the country of the "monster" (G. W. Ashburn). *Fifthly:* I demand that you carry out your threat, that I may be relieved of the painful duty of reporting you and your daily sheet to the legal tribunals of the country.

Go ahead, gentlemen; do not be cowardly; do your duty; do not disappoint the people. On the 19th inst. I will speak in this county (Muscogee), six miles from the city, at old Joe. Morris's place. It will be my first speech after I am announced as a candidate for the Convention. You had better send out some of your many reporters. Yours, very truly, G. W. ASHBURN.

October 11, 1867. *N. Y. Tribune.*

THE KU-KLUX.

TRIAL OF THE COLUMBUS PRISONERS FOR THE MURDER OF G. W. ASHBURN—FIFTH DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

ATLANTA, July 3d, 1868.

AFTER the reading, correction, and reception of the record of the previous day's proceedings, Judge Henry L. Benning, of Columbus, Ga., was, on application, admitted as additional counsel for prisoners, making an array of seven attorneys for the defense present in Court.

Amanda Patterson, witness for prosecution, next sworn. She is a good-looking girl of about eighteen, and gave her testimony with great directness. Have lived in Columbus six years; only knew Mr. Ashburn two weeks; lived in same house; I and Hannah Flournoy (colored) occupied the second room, Ashburn the third. (Describes arrival of the crowd at midnight; the parley; the breaking in, etc., as previously detailed.) They asked Hannah who was in there; she said nobody but me and her; they went to door of Ashburn's room and told him to open it; he asked what they wanted; told him to open it; he did, and they commenced shooting; no light at all in the front room; they had a light; they lit one in the front room; I didn't see the persons who fired on Ashburn; there was a good many persons in front room; not so many in middle room; I saw there Chipley, Kirksey, Hudson, Columbus Bedell, Jim. Barber and George Betz, and Bill Dukes (points them out separately as she names them); they had on mask faces; saw but one without a mask; he was a stranger; Bedell lost his mask; dropped off his face as he went out the front door; he turned round and said he'd kill me if I told on him; it was Monday night, between 12 and 1 o'clock; I had conversation previous to the killing with Chipley, Kirksey and Barber about the killing of Ashburn; took place over Spier's jewelry store; I went there to see Dr. Moses; they were in another room and called me to the door; Barber and Chipley told me they were going to kill Ashburn on the night he was going to speak; I told them not to do it while I lived there; this was Tuesday evening before the Monday Ashburn was killed; I told them they couldn't get in; they said they knew as well how the house was fixed as I did; they said if I told they would kill me; on the Wednesday before the killing, Bedell and Barber passed me on Broad street, and I heard Barber say to Bedell, "we are going to kill old Ashburn;" I was acquainted with Bedell; I have talked with him a few times, but not often; have talked with him since; he came to my house about a week before I came away from Columbus; he was never in my house before; didn't stay more than half an hour then; others were present (names three woman); he wanted me to go down to his room with him; I didn't go; he gave no reason why he wished me to go with him; I made no promise that I would go; told me where his room was; had conversation with Mr. Bennet about leaving Columbus; he came to my house and wanted me to go away; I told him no; he said if we didn't the Ku-Klux would kill us; and if the Yankees carried us off, in prison we'd die; said he did not want to swear anything against those men; I told him I didn't want to go at all; he said Mr. Bowers and Columbus Bedell would furnish the money to go away, if we would not swear anything against them; I didn't want to go with Columbus Bedell to his room, because I thought he wanted to get me down there and kill me, because he was afraid I'd tell something on him.

Here Messrs. Stephens, Crawford and Benning, for defense, had a consultation of some minutes.

Cross-examined—Yes, I was examined at the Coroner's inquest; I did testify that I didn't know any of these parties; I wouldn't tell 'em I know'd 'em; don't know Mr. McCandless; had no conversation with him; at the time Chipley, Barber and Kirksey told me they were going to kill Ashburn, some more men were in the room; there was no one with me; I was treated mighty well at Fort Pulaski; No! was not put in a cell, but in a room; Mr. Whitley never told me he would give me so much a day—never told me he would give me anything.

Re-direct—I did not tell the Coroner's jury all I knew about the killing of Ashburn; I was afraid of my life; that is the reason I didn't tell it; I was afraid they would kill me; I knew they'd kill me if I told anything on them; Mr. Bennett told me not to tell anything about it that I knew; that he wasn't going to tell, for if we told what we knew they'd kill us all.

Wade Stevens examined—I reside in Columbus, Ga.; am twenty-two years of age; have lived there eight years; I know Dr. Kirksey; have known him seven or eight months (points out Dr. K.); had a conversation with him about three weeks before the killing of Ashburn; met him on the street; he stopped and called me to his buggy; asked me if I could keep a secret; told him of course I could; told me a party was making up to go to a certain place at a certain time, and put an end to old Ashburn; I refused and went away; he called me back and told me if I wouldn't go, not to expose them.

Cross-examination—I was taken to Fort Pulaski; was confined in a cell and government rations; I fared about as well as prisoners could; made no disclosure there; was at no time put in a close box; no restraint at all put on my body or my limbs; don't know that any one ever saw me in conversation with Dr. K.; he is a rich man and I'm a poor man; don't suppose he would speak to such small potatoes as I am unless he wanted to get something.

Re-direct—I did not make statements in Columbus before my arrest, because I thought if I told anything I should be murdered the same way as Ashburn was. At the time Ashburn was murdered there was much excitement and alarm in Columbus about the Ku-Klux; there was a great deal of it; I am not a Democrat now; I voted that ticket and was a fool for it.

Sally Bedell examined—Don't know my age; I live in Columbus; the night I heard Mr. Ashburn was killed I was at Aunt Norah Winters'; I saw Mr. Wiggins and Mr. Wood there (points them out); don't know what hour it was; Mr. Wiggins had a masquerade suit; said he got it from Molly Jones; didn't say what he was going to do with it; said there were thirty of them going out disguised; said it to Aunt Norah; don't know how long they staid; when they first left, said they were going round to Temperance Hall until the speaking was out; when speaking was over Mr. Wiggins came back; he went to bed; masked suit was lying on chest in Aunt Norah's room; he went to bed there; he was not doing anything till he went to bed; I saw him when he got up and went out doors; that was the night Ashburn was killed; Aunt Norah said if they took up Mr. Wiggins, she would swear that he was in bed with her, and that she would make me and little Norah swear the same thing; the mask suit was on the bed the next morning, and the mask lying on the floor; the mask was broke up; it was made of pasteboard and black silk; I throwed it into the fire; Wiggins came in next morning about 4 o'clock; I told Aunt Norah I could swear he was there such a time and no longer; Aunt Norah said before she'd see him killed she'd make me and little Norah swear that he was in bed with her.

Cross-examination—These questions have been put to me before; Mr. Wiggins is a policeman; I went to bed before the speaking at the hall, but didn't go to sleep; Aunt Norah asked Mr. Woods up stairs to take a drink.

Abraham Johnson (colored) testified as to several points not bearing directly upon the matter of the murder, and appeared to be wanting in ordinary intelligence.

Burrell Davis (colored), a sharp old African—I am sixty-eight years old; have lived in Columbus twenty-four years; was there the day before Ashburn was killed; saw James Barber that day; drove him in my express wagon; he came up and had a new pair of shoes in his hand; throwed 'em in the wagon and jumped in; he was about half drunk; asked me if I was a Democrat; was I posted on the dots; why didn't I go to the club-room; I got tired of the conversation, and tried to get shut of him, but he kept on his talk and said, "whatever the Ku-Klux say they'll do, they'll do in spite of hell; they hung seventy-five up in Tennessee the other day;" I said, "is it possible, sir?" says he, "Mr. Ashburn will be a dead man, certain;" I said, "is it possible, Sir?" next morning I heard that Ashburn was killed.

The cross-examination elicited nothing of importance.

N. Y. Tribune.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

COLORED CONGRESSMEN.

WE hail with special pleasure Mr. Sumner's letter advising the choice of a colored man for Senator from South Carolina. The subject is one that richly deserves urging on public attention. There are five million of colored men in this country. Surely so large an element should have its own representatives in Legislative Halls. Our republican theories demand it. No class is safe that does not hold in its own hands the means of protecting its own rights. Any class studiously excluded from office is not on equality with its fellows.

Mr. Sumner, as usual with him, is honest enough to accept the logical results of his own principles. He recognizes the right of the negro to a voice on the Senate-floor. He sees, as well, the eminent advantage of his exercising that right. The responsibility of office will, more speedily than ought else, educate the negro into even more fitness for office than he now has.

We regard most of this clamor about education as empty cant. Of course education is of infinite importance. But what is education? Is it Greek, and Latin? Mathematics and Logic? Doubtless these are all good—this book-learning. But it is only one and often the least valuable one, of the many methods of education. Out of perhaps two hundred and fifty millions in Christendom, there are possibly half a million of book-learned men; one in five hundred. How absurd to maintain that this minute section is the only one competent to superintend the world's affairs! Who carry on the great work of the world's life? Why, the millions who sow and reap, manufacture and transport, build and plan. Nine out of ten of these have no book-learning as it is usually understood; and would be themselves curiously examined, with microscopes, as unknown specimens at Harvard College. But Harvard College contentedly fattens into dulness on the large gifts of many of these. The great works of the State confess themselves the children of such.

Now of such is the whole negro race. Here and there a mind which has made excellent use of books. Out of the ten thousand graduates of Yale or Harvard are there five hundred men who could be fairly measured with Douglass? But we challenge denial when we assert that the five million colored men can send as able a hundred to represent them in Congress as any other five million men south of the Ohio; and perhaps we need not limit our challenge to that section.

Our Republican theory claims that good government comes from listening, in Legislative bodies, to the experience and suggestions of each class, of every section, of every race, of each manufacture; each interest must be heard. To what swift and deserved and ridiculous ruin did that faction sink, which ignored the claim of a Dutch or Irish accent to be heard in our State Legislatures! What tedious inflictions did we suffer of prosy balderdash about the uneducated Irish, the clannish Dutch! But the good sense of the country rebuked the flimsily hidden selfishness—the miserable infidelity to our Republican theory.

We assert self-government. Five million of men in such ignorance that no score can be found among them fit to speak in legislative halls for their race! It would be foul shame to any government if the fact were so. It would belittle the power of God if men's utmost wickedness could so set aside his omnipotence, as thus to brutalize millions of his creatures. Slavery itself, pure, unadulterated evil as the system was, could not effect this even on white men. It made the master a weak, emasculated animal. But spite of this crushing weight the Southern white man has, in a large number of cases, given evidence of respectable ability. Had the intelligence of Southern Congressmen not been poisoned by their vices it would have left a very worthy record. A poor horse running without weight can hold his own with Dexter or Eclipse heavily burdened. The Southern white having thrown off the weight of all honorable scruples was able to block the path of the North itself.

But when this Southern white man surrendered *work* to the negroes as their portion, he unconsciously gave them the sceptre and insured to them, in the end, the supremacy. The Negro does rule the South to-day; because his is the only race which places itself in line with the civilization of the age. He is strong because he works with God. The white man is weak because he flings himself against his age. "Rid yourself of Cant" said old Sam. Johnson. We give the same advice as to the maudlin stuff—self-styled good sense—which insists that Wade Hampton, an empty braggart who, if he resembles most Southerners of his class, cannot write correctly a single sentence of English, much less say anything worth hearing on any topic political, scientific, or industrial; that this noisy drum is an *educated* man and fit to help legislation; but that the voice of Purvis, Douglass, Harris, Small, or our New Orleans Dumas heard in the Capitol would herald ruin.

Give us, in the Capitol, *mind*: men whose hands have done something; whose brains have contributed something of value to the Nation's thought; no matter whether their skins be white or black; their accent Dutch or native.

And, in addition to this, give us men who can speak, *from experience*, of the wrongs, needs, dangers and wishes of each class. Whenever it is safe to have the noisy, reckless, ignorant and brutal element of the South represented, we will accept Wade Hampton or Beauregard, as its spokesman. We shall be present to watch that even this section is fairly treated. And when we ask the needs, wishes, perils and purposes of the peaceful, producing, loyal, industrious, self-respectful masses of the South, then naturally among their spokesmen must come up the negro—since he makes so large a majority of that class.

The men who dabble with a little Latin and less Greek here; but with prudent modesty disavow the folly if caught in the presence of real scholarship abroad—will sneer at this. They are wiseacres who do not know one grain from another, and think anthracite is manufactured in charcoal pits—and are all at sea if brought in contact with real life—helpless bookworms. But the white working men of the North have "run" the government since 1801; and now that the black working-men of the South have entered the arena of freedom, it belongs to them to take their share. It is the boast of the North that her working class gave Lincoln, Colfax, Cameron, and others to the Government. The blacks of the South will yield us as good specimens, only stimulate to the front the same seeds by a just recognition. The North culls Presidents out of rail-splitters and tanners. How? By letting it be known that such may aspire and giving them the *Education of responsibility*. Try the tanners, the rail-splitters, the smiths and farmers of the South, *all black*, and see if no such jewels can be found and polished on that soil.

Vienna sinks helpless into the gulf of bankruptcy, a victim to her faith in the aristocracy of blood. England tarnishes the glory of a thousand years by accepting the aristocracy of wealth. We inaugurate the aristocracy of brains. Having done full justice, in times past, to the countrymen of Emmett and O'Connell, of Goethe and Korner, even of Isaiah and the Maccabees, the next step is to give the negro a chance to show that Toussant L'Ouverture was no glorious monster, but a generous representative of the capacity of his race.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE SHAM DEMOCRACY.

What we have intimated as manifest in the platform of the late Convention of the Sham Democracy, is no less apparent in its nominations and the whole tenor of its proceedings;—that in relation to the black man's rights, the party is the same in spirit and essential purpose as when it was the active ally of the dominant slave-power, or when its major part was in notorious sympathy with the slaveholder's rebellion. If it does not still literally uphold slavery and justify or excuse secession in the interest of slavery, the reason evidently is not that its heart is changed: but only, as appears by its own showing, because it "recognizes the questions of slavery and secession as settled by the war or the voluntary action of the Southern States." But all it can do, or, at least, all it can do safely, for the "lost cause" of injustice and oppression, it is plainly just as ready now to do as ever.

The Convention was made up of the same elements which composed its predecessors in the palmy days of slavery. Slaveholders from the South, as much slaveholders still in feeling as when they could be such in fact, and Northern underlings of the slave-power, to whom no baseness of subserviency was too low, if only it would win political success; men zealous and efficient in the rebellion and ranking high in its military or civil service, and men who at the North did all they could and dared to help the rebel cause, met in the fellowship of the years before the war, and took counsel together as to how the party's old ascendancy could be regained.

And though they did not in so many words declare their purpose to set up a "White man's government," yet what they said implies as much, and this would be the only logical sequence of their success in the election. For, in their platform, they pronounce the reconstruction acts of Congress "unconstitutional, revolutionary and void;" and claim that suffrage should be "controlled exclusively by the political power of each State respectively." Of course then, if these Congressional enactments are unconstitutional and void, they have conferred upon the colored people of the South no share of "the political power of the respective States;" and all that power remains, according to the theory of the Sham Democracy, in the same hands which held it before the war. The suffrage question, therefore, according to that theory, must be decided by the old, white voters; and how they will decide it, if it is left to them, no prophet's power is needed to foretell. To be consistent with the declaration of its platform, the party, if successful next November, must set aside these void Congressional enactments; and put back the South under the rule of its white inhabitants, that is to say of the late rebels. That this means reconstruction literally "with a vengeance," vengeance on loyal men of whatever race or color, and pre-eminently upon those who had the insolence to fight for their own freedom, as well as for the Nation's life; that it means, if not the reinstatement of the slave system by that name, at least, subjection of the blacks to a serfdom hardly better than their former state, and in some respects it may be worse; he must be willing to be blind who does not plainly see.

And if this is what the platform means, interpreted in harmony with the party record, no less is it the meaning of the nominations. The Presidential candidate, Horatio Seymour has from the first been known as one of the most unscrupulous and bitter of the enemies of equal human rights. Ever the champion of that sort of "compromise" which meant surrender of the rightful claims of freedom to the unjust demands of slavery, with nothing given in return but what of right was freedom's before the bargain was proposed, he was also ready to uphold the slave-power in its perfidious refusal to abide by its own bargain when that no longer seemed to serve its interest.

Hence he was, of course, in favor of the Nebraska bill, that notorious swindle by which slavery sought to take back the price paid for advantages it had been more than thirty years enjoying and intended still to keep. Equally of course, he strenuously opposed the Republican policy of non-extension of slavery.

When the slave-holders rebelled and committed their unholy cause to the arbitrament of battle, still he, although professing to be loyal, did not desert them; and was perhaps inferior to no other Northern man, in the efficiency of his aid to their rebellion. As Governor of New York, his opposition to the draft, and in general the pernicious use he made of the great power for good or evil which his position gave him, are too well known to need more than a passing mention. The country will not soon forget, especially, his shameful bearing toward the ferocious mob of 1863 which, under pretext of resistance to the draft, made such wild havoc of the homes and lives of colored citizens of New York; and sacked and burned the Colored Orphan Asylum, filling the streets for days with a very Pandemonium broken loose.

Making no earnest effort to stay their ravages by force; hinting no risk of penal retribution incurred by their atrocities; uttering no word of plain rebuke or even of mildest censure; he stood before the incendiary and murderous crowd, as bland in speech as if addressing an orderly assemblage. Promising to do his utmost to secure the ostensible object of their lawless demonstration, he *asked* them, in gentle phrase, to "See that no harm is done to property or persons," and to "retire peacably." "My friends," he said, amid their "uproarous cheerings," "let me assure you that I am your friend."

Thus, when, as Governor of a loyal State, he should have helped to fill the ranks of the loyal army with new recruits, he took a course which made it necessary to withdraw from the field, where they were so much needed, 25,000 men, to hold in check his draft-resisting, negro-murdering "friends."

And him the sham Democracy has chosen, by the unanimous voice of its Convention, as Standard Bearer in the coming Presidential contest; thus making his known record, in effect, a portion of its platform. On his part, in a speech accepting the nomination, he pronounces the platform accordant with his views; and promises to carry out its doctrines wherever he may be, in public or private life. So, if elected, he is pledged to treat the reconstruction acts of Congress as void in law, and to bring upon the South the consequences logically, resulting from that course.

The nomination for the second office, has also its significance. It falls upon Gen. Frank P. Blair, a man who, once a "Democrat," and afterward a Radical Republican and zealous Anti-Slavery man, has since apostatized to his first faith, and seems resolved to verify the proverb, that "one renegade is worse than ten Turks." It comes, morever, from the open rebel wing of the party; having been moved by an Ex-Confederate General from Kentucky, and sustained by Forrest of Fort Pillow notoriety, and Wade Hampton, last of all the Rebel Generals to surrender.

The special reason for its falling upon Gen. Blair, is, we suppose, that, in a letter written just before the meeting of the Convention and setting forth what he regards as "the real issue in this contest," he declares that in one way only can the Government and Constitution be restored, "and that is for the President-elect to declare these acts (the reconstruction acts of Congress) null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State governments, allow the White people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives." He expects the House of Representatives to have "a majority of Democrats from the North;" that "they will admit the Representatives chosen by the White people of the South, and, with the co-operation of the President, it will not be difficult to compel the Senate to submit to the obligations of the Constitution" as sham Democracy interprets them.

Here, then, we have, distinctly and explicitly set forth, the programme which is only cautiously implied in the platform of the party. But, as we have seen, no step is here proposed, which is not logically sequent upon the language of the platform, as read in the light of the party's history.

The simple and sufficiently obvious truth of the whole matter is, that the self-styled Democratic party is the party of a "White Man's Government," of counter-revolution, retrogression, subversion of impartial freedom; just as truly the ally of caste and prejudice against race and color as it was when to be this was its well-tested passport to victory and power. The talk about "negro supremacy," reiterated in its platform, implying as it does a falsehood, and at the same time revealing and appealing to the base caste feeling, is the genuine exponent of its spirit, character and purpose. So long as such a party can cherish even the remotest hope of triumph, let no one say the work of Abolitionists is done. C. C. B.

"GO THY WAY FOR THIS TIME."

THIS cry of the half-convicted soul to the disturber of its false peace, we hear reiterated, at least quadrennially, by the most advanced of our political parties. To the demands of the abolitionists it replies: "Yes, we know that the principle which you ask us to incorporate in our platform is a principle of absolute justice; but we cannot with safety avow it, *just now;* it would endanger our success in the impending election; and in our defeat everything would be lost which you desire to win. Wait until we have gained this one more victory, and then we can afford to advocate your claim." Once it was the right of petition which it was unsafe to assert; then, the prohibition of the internal slave-trade, the exclusion of slavery from the Territories, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, were words that party leaders dared not utter above their breath, and to the Abolitionist who loudly sounded them in their unwilling ears, they cried, "Go thy way for this time." But the persistent reformer would not go his way, but stood steadfast, immovable, pointing out the way in which political parties ought to go—the way in which the Nation must go, if it would live.

Now that all those victories and more have been won, and the party which stood pale and trembling during the conflict, is in power, and exulting over the triumphs of freedom, its leaders dare not meet the new demand of the present hour. Simple justice, plain common-sense, demand that the freedom of the colored man shall be made complete and secure by the right of suffrage, and that that right shall be protected by the Constitution of the United States. In response to this demand an organ of the Republican party says that the Chicago Convention thought it best "To win the elections with Gen. Grant, and after that to advocate a new amendment of the Constitution, preventing the States from any unjust restrictions upon suffrage;" and asks, "With what more splendid wreath could the Republicans crown their victory in November, 1868?" Verily, with none; but will the brows which shrink from that coronation now, be strong enough to receive it then? Will the party which is forever postponing until after election the most important duty of the hour, be ready to do this work next November? They will, when it becomes, in their opinion, —as this same organ of Republicanism admits that negro suffrage in the South has become—"*a stern necessity*:" they will, when the People's voice commands it in tones which they dare not disobey. At present, we are told, by those who ought to be *doing* this work instead of caviling at it, that the people will not bear it. So it was said of the enlistment of colored troops for the war; of the Proclamation of Emancipation; of the Amendment of the Constitution which declared Slavery in the United States to be forevermore illegal. And *how* did the People bear this great moral revolution? With joy and thanksgiving which uttered itself through pealing bells and booming cannon, answering one another from East to West; in anthems of praise and fervent prayer; aye, and in silent tears of gratitude. Churches and ministers who had preached obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, knelt down and gave thanks for the decree of Freedom; and religious and political journals which had defended Slavery and denounced the Abolitionists, caught the new inspiration and shouted, "Glory to God in the highest."

Party leaders talk a great deal about faith in the people, but they have very little. One of their great sins is distrust of the people. Another is the desire to conceal their own corrupt motives of action, under a pretence of obedience to the people's will. It is the solemn duty of men who assume to be the Nation's leaders, to announce the highest principles, and propose the most thorough plans of National justice, and call upon the people to follow them. If the people, thus led and trusted, fail, the sin will be upon their own heads. But they would not fail. If the Republican party had established itself on the deep foundations of absolute justice, of equal rights, of universal suffrage; and had fearlessly proclaimed its principles and faithfully adhered to them, it would have rallied around its standard so large a portion of the moral strength, the true manliness of the Nation, that its defeat next November would be impossible, and its success would be the grandest triumph for humanity which any political party has ever won.

M. O.

THE "SHAW ORPHAN ASYLUM" AT CHARLESTON.

IN a recent number we mentioned this institution and recommended each reader to send it a dollar and what spare newspapers were on hand. One of these did so at once, and has already had his reward in a report from Wm. C. P. Wolhaupter, the Superintendent, who says:

"In behalf of the little orphans, I thank you for the gift. You know children are very fond of fruits, and they are very wholesome to have occasionally, such as berries, melons etc., all very cheap here, but not supplied by the Bureau. If you would know where your money went, imagine 130 little children all standing by long tables, with a large slice of choicest watermelon before the sparkling eyes of each of them. How they enjoy it! It brings tears to my eyes to see how happy it makes them. I wish I could oftener give them such a treat. Through a kind Providence, and friends in the North I have been able to give them a goodly supply of blackberries this season. But it is hard for me to get them their little books and many things they require. The papers you sent are very acceptable and are thoroughly read. If you can speak to any friends that would like to do something for our children we would thank you very much."

Our correspondent says he is so well rewarded for the little he has done that, regarding all the readers of THE STANDARD as "friends", he sends his report to it hoping others may be induced to follow his example.

PERSONAL.

Goldwin Smith is to be Professor at the Cornell University.

Henry Clapp says that Horace Greeley is emphatically a self-made man, and he worships his creator.

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* says: "Mr. Chase has sent a lock of his hair to the Democrat from California who gave him half a vote."

A Connecticut Democratic paper stated that Gen. F. P. Blair is a graduate of Yale College, and the New Haven *Journal* explains: "Gen. Blair graduated at Yale quite prematurely. It took him less than a year to 'go through' college."

Gen. Garibaldi is suffering so severely from a rheumatic attack, that he is compelled to go about on crutches. The statement of certain journals, that the General intends to go to Florence, and take part in the final sittings of the Chamber, is utterly unfounded.

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says: "The first prize at Harvard College was taken by a colored youth, Richard Theodore Greener, of the junior class, the son of a poor woman in Boston, who fitted for college at Oberlin and Andover, and who like so many others of his race, is a natural orator. His gestures were as graceful as Edward Everett's, his voice musical and flexible, and his whole bearing admirable."

"Drops of the coming shower."

Among the Southern men who came to New York recently, to give the Democratic Convention the benefit of his advice, and to receive the honors which the Northern Democracy like to bestow upon men of his character, was the Confederate Gen. G. T. Beauregard, the author of the following letter:

"CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 15th, 1862.

"*Hon. William P. Miles, Richmond, Va.:*

"Has the bill for the execution of Abolition prisoners after January next been passed? Do it, and England will be stirred into action. It is high time to proclaim the black flag after that period. Let the execution be with the garrote. G. T. BEAUREGARD."

Miss Mary Carpenter of England delivered an interesting address in Islington recently on the importance of "Female Education in India." She intends establishing a Normal School for female teachers at Bombay, employing her own money and all the funds she can command for the purpose. Her aim is purely secular, for the moral training of the young women of India. A distinguished Parsee spoke at the meeting.

Zion's Herald, of this city, says:

"Lowell wittily said that 'The white Philip would run by the side of the chariot when the black eunuch was riding on its seat.' That is already the case in the South. Ex-Gov. Brown, of Georgia, a rightly reconstructed rebel, says the unreconstructed rebels there not only elect negroes to office, but drive them to the polls in their buggies, and even carry them on their shoulders, if they vote their ticket. This is ahead of Philip and the eunuch. There is no authority for the white man's carrying the negro, unless on Peter Cartwright's Dutchman's theory, who tugged home with his fat Frau on his back, because Peter had told them they must take up their cross, and she was the biggest cross he had. The colored Southern is the white one's Cross. It will do him good to carry him. The whirling of time brings round strange reverses."

The Boston *Transcript* says:

"The Cincinnati *Gazette* has for years been regarded as Judge Chase's organ. It has defended him from Democratic assaults in the past, and after the defeat of the universal suffrage amendment to the Ohio State Constitution last year, it came out with a semi-official statement of Mr. Chase's modified views. Afterward, it strongly urged him for the Republican nomination. Now hear the *Gazette* on its whilom favorite:

"Rejected by the Democratic Convention, after he had sacrificed personal character, political principle, and official integrity to procure it, Mr. Chase has now the same bitterness of heart toward that party, the same desire for revenge, and the same readiness to grasp at any political organization which will make him its head.

"A Chief Justice may accept and may desire a nomination to the Presidency. The people cannot be limited in their election. But in the effort to procure the Democratic nomination, Mr. Chase has not only abandoned personal character and political principles, but he has conveyed his willingness to accept the nomination on a platform which pronounced upon questions of the Reconstruction acts of Congress, which are liable to come before him for judicial decision. And not only that, but pronounced acts unconstitutional which he supported politically, and whose constitutionality he has judicially affirmed. His statement of his partial exception to the financial expression of the platform—which his construction, however, would remove, so that the platform would be no obstacle to his accepting the nomination—accepts all its other features.

"We think there can be no dissent from the declaration that Mr. Chase has by this course made himself unfit for the Supreme bench; and the public decency requires that, since he has dragged his silken judicial robe into the mire of office-seeking, and has prejudiced his judicial decisions on the great Constitutional questions that may come before him, he should resign his seat on the bench. And there is this further and cumulative reason, that a man whose mind is so affected by his ambition, and is so turned to vengeance by disappointment, and who now has this hatred and malice excited to intensity toward both parties, cannot be possessed of the judicial temper which the office of Chief Justice requires."

The *Commonwealth* (Boston) says:

"The *Post* makes a poor show in trying to explain away the relation of Gov. Seymour toward his 'friends,' the New York rioters, in 1863. It cites a letter of thanks from Secretary Stanton to Seymour, acknowledging the latter's support of the Government in the then emergency. We have already stated that Gov. Seymour was prompt and active in raising troops to resist Lee's invasion of the North—that being in accordance with Seymour's general theory of non-coercion. But now let us see what this letter amounts to for the *Post's* purposes of proving that Seymour's dealing with the rioters was just and proper. It is dated June 27th, 1863, just one week *before* Seymour's artful appeal to mob violence, and *three* weeks before his address to 'my friends!' Unless, then, Stanton is 'among the prophets'—which he is not, according to Democratic estimate—his letter has nothing to do with the object for which it is quoted. Equally irrelevant is the vote of thanks to Seymour, passed nearly a year afterward by the New York Legislature, in recognition of his efforts to have the errors in the State apportionment corrected. What he told the rioters was, that he would have the draft "suspended and stopped"—which he did *not* succeed in doing, although it withdrew 25,000 troops from service against the rebels to carry on the draft. Let the ventilation of Seymour's war record go on."

LETTER FROM L. MARIA CHILD.

WAYLAND, July 20th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THERE is a movement in Boston apparently insignificant in its small beginning, but destined to be of vast importance in its results; because its broad foundation is firmly fixed in the universal centre of things, and its objects are what many human souls, in various parts of the world, are earnestly looking for through the darkness of ignorance and the fogs of tradition. I allude to "The Free Religious Association." Its name is in itself a recommendation. It has been a great hindrance to genuine progress that religion has not been free, and freedom has not been religious. Devotion has generally taken the form of bigotry, more or less arrogant and exclusive, while free-thinking has generally been irreverent in its spirit and contemptuous in its tone. Clearly, neither of these extremes is indicative of moral and intellectual health. It is unphilosophic, as well as unkind, to scoff at the religious sentiment, for it is deeply rooted in our nature, and we have great need of its hopes and consolations. On the other hand, bigotry is absurd and unbecoming in beings so fallible, and with whom belief or unbelief is not, and cannot be, a matter of choice. I have often thought it strange that we so little recognize the fact that men *cannot* believe according to the dictation or the perceptions of others. They may outwardly conform; but belief grows out of the individual experience of the soul, which no man can arrange for another. The full, unqualified acknowledgment of this law of our being is what renders "The Free Religious Association" peculiarly interesting to me. The fundamental principle of the Association is thus explained in their first Annual Report: "Religious opinions and faiths here mingle on perfectly *equal terms*; no one claiming for itself what it does not cordially accord, by courtesy and by right, to every other. For the first time in religious history, not only representatives of differing Christian sects, but people of all religious names, and of no religious name, are invited to come together as equal brothers, and confer with one another on the highest interests of mankind. We agree to listen to what our Hebrew friend may have to utter, or to what our India brother may write to us, of their respective religious faiths, with the same candor and the same integrity and openness of judgment that we accord to a 'Christian' speaker. Yet this is not to say that "The Free Religious Association takes the ground that one form of religion or of faith is as true and good as another. It simply does not *determine* the claims of any specific form of faith, or assume the claims of any to *be* determined. It declines to consider it a closed question that the claims of any religion are to be regarded as finally established, and gives a fair, open field for the establishing of any religion, or of so much of any religion as can prove itself to be true. Christianity has, thus far, attempted to convert all other religions to itself. The Christian missionary goes to India and says to the natives there, 'You must be converted to my faith, or you have no hopes of progress to anything better in this world, or of happiness in the world to come.' This Association says to these native religious devotees, 'Let us see what is true in your religion, and what is true in this and that other form of faith, and be ready to accept the *true* from any quarter. Meantime, let us put our heads together, and see if we cannot contrive some better and worthier ways of living.' On this broad basis, with this declaration of equal religious liberty and rights, the Free Religious Association is organized. It aims to increase fellowship in the spirit; defining that fellowship as nothing narrower than the brotherhood of man, and making it rest on the aspirations and strivings of our common humanity after higher truth and life."

"The Progress of Religious Ideas," which I wrote eighteen years ago, was based on precisely the same principle. I did not therein assume that any religion was true, or any was false. I simply endeavored to present each system of faith as I supposed it appeared to those who received it; leaving the reader to compare and judge for himself. It was a common complaint that I did not express my own opinions. I purposely avoided doing that, because any such expression would necessarily interfere with the perfect impartiality at which I aimed. Few understood the spirit and purport of the book, or felt interested in the lesson it was intended to convey; but when I am gone, there will be a larger class to sympathize with its intention.

The older I have grown the more I have felt that the tone assumed toward other religions by professors of Christianity is offensively sectarian and arrogant; and as such ill calculated to win converts to what is pure and elevated in its teachings. Great personal sacrifices have been made, and vast sums of money expended, to impart Christianity to the nations called "heathen." Doubtless considerable good has been done, but how small is the result in comparison with the amount of effort! The great mistake has been that doctrines have been inculcated rather than principles. Blanco White says: "Of the converts to Christianity it may be truly said not one has been attracted to it by its *creed*." The celebrated Hindoo, Rammohun Roy, is an example in point. His peculiarly reverential, loving, and gentle temperament was drawn toward Christianity by the fatherly character it ascribed to God, and the lesson of human brotherhood which it inculcated; but he doubted some of its traditions, and some of its commonly-received doctrines appeared to him at variance with its benevolent teachings. Consequently, that devout worshipper of one invisible God, and true friend of his fellow creatures, was stigmatized as a "heathen" by Christian missionaries. He was pained by the epithet, and mildly remonstrated against the injustice of applying it to one who was struggling with formidable obstacles to instruct his countrymen in the great principles of Christianity. That great and good man incurred the animosity of Hindoos by his efforts to enlighten them, and he was doomed to be grievously disappointed in the estimate he made of the effects of Christianity. He went to England expecting to find a prevailing spirit of brotherly love, and a practical acknowledgment that all members of the human family were children of the same Heavenly Father. Instead of that, he found different sects denying each other the name of Christian, and society divided into classes, separated from each other by laws of caste almost as stringent as those of Hindostan. The disappointment saddened him to the end of his days. But though he felt lonely and unrecognized, he always remained faithful to his own convictions. Had he been less just and candid, he would have been cordially and proudly adopted by Christendom. But while he sincerely believed that Jesus showed a more excellent way, he always maintained that the Hindoo Vedas contained much that was good and true; and that the good and true ought to be reverenced wheresoever found.

That we are gradually climbing to this high ground of universal recognition is indicated by such organizations as the "Progressive Friends" in Pennsylvania, and "The Free Religious Association" in Boston. People who are educated under one system of religion can never perhaps quite realize how another faith appears to those who have grown up under its influence; but sincere efforts to do this are among the most hopeful signs of the times. In trying to make a candid estimate of other nations, whose habits of thought are foreign to our own, we should always remember the fact that spiritual-minded people, of all religions, involuntarily invest their Sacred Books with the spirituality that is in their own souls. Many, whose moral sense would shrink from invading peaceable tribes, and murdering men, women, and children, for the sake of their fields and vineyards, as Joshua did, can yet read the history with much religious edification, because battling with Philistines to them represents conflict with temptations and sins. In like manner devout Mohammedans find spiritual instruction in the miraculous accounts in the Koran; and pious Jews extract nourishment from what seem to us the senseless moustrosities of the Talmud. What each sincerely devout believer sees in those records is spiritually true *to him*, because he is unconsciously looking at the light of God shining in his own soul and thence reflected on the pages he reads. Thus it is that the All Wise

God has placed in the garden of the human soul a flaming cherubim that turns every way to guard the tree of e.

Of some religions, the doctrines and symbols have fallen so far into the depths of oblivion, that no devout exponent survives to interpret their meaning. Representations of a beetle abound on Egyptian tombs and temples; and it excites our wonder how such a creature could have been worshipped by a people so celebrated for wisdom. But it is impossible for *us* to form any idea what the beetle typified to *them*. If Christianity and its records should become extinct, and the ruins of its tombs and churches be examined by curious antiquarians five thousand years hence, what significance would they see in the perpetual recurrence of a perpendicular line crossed by a horizontal line? What would they suppose was the meaning of priests bowing down before the image of a lamb with a glory round its head, or with a Book in its paws, or with a Cross on its shoulder? What estimate would they form of our wisdom if some fragment of a lost history should inform them that a people called Christians were accustomed to wear a Cross, and a small image of a Lamb, as sacred charms? Yet something like two-thirds of Christendom are Catholics, and a large portion of them wear a Cross and an Agnus Dei (Lamb of God) as consecrated amulets, which they believe will cure their diseases and protect them from dangers. This fact should teach us not to speak contemptuously of the symbols of a by-gone worship, because they reveal nothing to *us*. A language that we know not sounds like unmeaning jargon in our ears; but He who made the human soul hears similar imploringsin all its imperfect utterances.

L. MARIA CHILD.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, July 20th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

On Thursday of last week was held in Fraternity Hall the third (if I rightly remember) of those very interesting annual meetings at which the Teachers' Committee of the Freedmen's Union Commission, call their friends together to greet their returned teachers, hear reports of progress made in the work of Southern education, and learn what necessity exists for a continuance of these labors. The hall was elegantly adorned with flowers, and white lilies in profusion marked the place of a tablet recording the names of three teachers deceased since the last meeting.

Four, p. m., was the time appointed for this meeting, and the teachers and their friends were punctually there; but so earnest were the greetings of individual friends, and so active the interchange of thought and feeling among numbers who had but that hour for social conference, that five o'clock came before the Committee could have the heart to stop the animated buzz of conversation by a call to order. This was done, at length by T. Wentworth Higginson, the chairman, who made some lively introductory remarks, and then called the roll of the teachers, sent out by the New England Branch of the Commission, that the assembly might know which of them were present. Each, on answering to his or her name, received a beautiful bouquet from the Committee, and then began the main business of the occasion, the hearing of reports from the returned teachers.

These were made by Anna Gardner from Charlottesville, Va., Mary S. Osborne from Church Creek, Md., Elizabeth H. Botume, from Beaufort, S. C., Mary A. Fowler, from Columbus, Ga., Julia A. Smith, from Still Pond, Md., Esther H. Hawkes, from Port Orange, Fla., and Sarah Chase, from Richmond, Va. Their statements were full of interest and encouragement. They represent the unabated continuance of a desire among the freedmen for instruction for themselves and their children, and their willingness to do all in their power towards bearing the expenses of such instruction. In regard to the demeanor of the rebel population in these places towards the teachers some change was reported, but it was a change of manner rather than of spirit, and gave no indication of friendliness, or of willingness to co-operate in measures of reform. Everything shows that, at heart, the defeated rebels are rebels still; that they yield only so far as necessity compels, and that every sort of reform must expect passive, if not active opposition at their hands.

In some places "the chivalry" have substituted cold politeness and avoidance for the open insult with which they formerly greeted the Northern teachers. The ladies from New England who are devoting (and sometimes sacrificing) their lives to the welfare of the colored people in the South are less frequently assailed with cursing and scowling, and spitting, by the ex-slaveholders, than two years ago, but that class still holds itself aloof from them, and still tries to perpetuate the treatment of the negroes as an inferior class. The "poor whites" also, for the most part, adhere to this prejudice of caste, and refuse to let their children attend the schools attended by colored children. As these are the only schools in that region, the result is that the poor white population there continue ignorant as well as dirty, vulgar and vicious, while the negroes are making steady progress in knowledge, as well as in the various arts of life. One of the teachers well remarked that the colored people seemed destined to be the missionaries of the South, since no influence less powerful than their steady increase in knowledge, property, social consideration, and all the elements of success in life, would be sufficient to arouse the "low-down" white people to attempt the enormous labor of self-improvement. The one luxury of these people has been to look down upon "niggers" as inferior beings; but every year brings nearer the time when they will be obliged to look *up* to the class thus opprobriously designated; to take wages, as laborers, from these more thrifty persons; to see them more prosperous as tradesmen, farmers, mechanics; to see them nominated as candidates and chosen to offices of honor and profit; to see them, in a word, attaining that success which is the object of their own desire, though they are too lazy and stupid to use the means for it.

On the other hand, it was represented that the colored people seemed not to have that persistent energy which a pioneer class should have, stimulating them to meet present obstacles and endure present hardships bravely in the hope of conquering a good position for themselves in future years. In general, they seem rather to adapt themselves to circumstances than to aspire and combine for the active moulding of their future destiny. Their progress upward therefore will be slow, though their steady efforts for the acquisition of knowledge will make it sure.

There was very decided testimony as to the entire absence of vindictive feeling in the freed people against their former masters. The injuries and cruelties they had undergone were spoken of in sorrow rather than in anger. An old woman who had had ten children, being asked where they were, replied that five of them were dead; she knew where *they* were; but five others had been sold away from her, and she neither knew where they were, nor ever expected to see or hear from one of them again in this world; and she added, as the sentiment naturally excited by this remembrance, "God forgive Massa;" and then, as if the recollection was too much for her she burst into one of the plaintive songs which they call "Spirituals," the burden of which was, "Nobody knows but Jesus." The deep meaning of these chants can be understood only by their connection with the manifold experience of suffering that gave rise to them.

It was judiciously arranged by the Committee that no time should be given to ornamental speeches by stay-at-home people. Reports from the returned teachers were felt to be at once the most important and the most interesting matter that could come before the audience. And variety was given to the meeting, at intervals, by the singing of some of the "Spirituals," above referred to. In the last of these, given in the twilight, just before the close of the meeting, the singers further gratified the audience by imitating the vehement bodily exercise with which these choruses are accompanied, and the "shout" which sometimes finishes them.

The Committee had provided ice-cream and cake in abundance in the refreshment-room, and the of these, when the time came, gave opportunity for more friendly greetings, and the introduction of the returned teachers to more of those who wished to know them. The meeting seemed thoroughly enjoyed by all parties, and the information which it brought out gave full assurance of the importance of the work done by the Freedmen's Commission, and the need of continuance and enlargement of its labors.

NORTH.

NEW ENGLAND WOMEN'S CLUB.

THE opening meeting of this club was held at Chickering Hall, May 30th, at 11 a. m. A large and intellectual audience responded with interest and sympathy to the statements of hopes and purposes in which this new movement originated. Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, President, opened the meeting.

MRS. C. M. SEVERANCE'S REMARKS.

As presiding officer of the new organization in whose name we are met to-day, it becomes my duty to make a brief statement of its plans and purposes—to give you the *'raison d'etre* of this fresh claimant upon your time and sympathy.

The idea of the club, as it has lain for several years in the minds of its originators, is *two-fold*—to organize the social force of the women of New England, now working nobly in small circles and solitary ways—and to economize time and strength, so invaluable as theirs, by making this centre of thought and action a centre also of comfort and convenience.

Of course this statement, inclusive of so much, is yet exclusive of much. It defines at once the classes of women for whom we wish to provide, and whom we consider representative of New England thought and culture, on the questions which wait for and demand their solution, of woman herself; and it limits its opportunities to such. And for the sake of these ends, as essential to them, we have striven to give our organization such form as should make itself protective against disturbing and disagreeable elements.

It is, in short, no lounging place for the drones in this busy hive of a world, for the purposeless women who flit hither and thither in search of a pleasure, that never comes for the seeking, that the persons active in this movement have sought to provide; but a broader *home* for those who love and labor for the great *human family*, or aspire to do so—and it is in no spirit of rivalry or antagonism that this effort is initiated.

If after long and careful discussion we have united upon a baptismal name that has been made offensive by misuse heretofore, we can only beg you to remember that we intend to *redeem* it by omitting altogether the features that have made it so; that we not only magnanimously admit to membership, but *welcome* to our communion of labor and counsel, the husbands and fathers who share our common aims. What God hath joined together in his model institution, the family home, we dare not profanely put asunder in ours of church, or state, or social life.

We have chosen the name club then, *not* because we adopt all the features it has hitherto included, but because it is happily descriptive of the *social* character of our organization, and its purposes—and because it gives us the most entire freedom from any implication of sectarian or other *ism*. And we have called it the New England Women's Club, because it is the women of New England who should take the initiative in its management and give an opportunity for that culture in dignified, deliberative discussion, in which, for want of training and experience, women are so lamentably deficient, and upon which few of them will ever venture, except in as quiet and private a way as this will secure to them.

The details of our plan are these: To secure a house in some very central locality, where we can have parlors, in one of which the ladies and gentlemen of the club can meet each other and their friends, the other being reserved as a resting place for lady-members, a house in which we can have bed-rooms available for suburban lady-members, who may need to be in town for a day and night, or longer, and who wish to avoid the annoyances of lodging in a hotel, as well as to be at the central place for meeting friends, and near to the public halls and places of entertainment and amusement—a house where a simple and domestic lunch could be had at any hour.

The plan includes also a registry for the record of such *orders* of women's work as are not made known through the ordinary agencies; where educated women seeking employment for their talents may find it without the annoyances involved in the usual methods. And it would gladly include any *kindred* ways, that may be found wise and practicable, for meeting the difficulties of the great social problem of woman's self-supporting industry, which confronts our civilization and our religion at every turn. It is in our plan, also, to include the social feature of weekly or fortnightly receptions for the members in the parlors of the club, and, as has been *implied*, to hold a meeting for the lady-members every week, at which the subjects presented by any member in writing to the Board, and approved by it, shall come up in their order for discussion and consideration. And to have at stated times (once each month; perhaps), a report of some one of the many special charities touching woman's interests, or carried on by her, presented by some member familiar with its objects, or active in its management.

In short, our plan in its broadest scope covers all the *practical* questions of women's needs and duties, and makes it appeal to the women of New England, who, with a training and position second to none in the civilized world, as they cannot be indifferent to these problems should be, and are, able to meet and master them.

Such is the *outline* of our plan—a plan which involves no pledge to any special action, which commits none to any special line of efforts, but implies only a womanly interest in all true thought and action on behalf of the sex and of social life, for which woman is so largely responsible, and in which she is allowed to reign if she will—a plan which seeks only and waits for the electric touch of the wise New England women, to be made what it should be, what *they* will it to be—no more—no less.

It remains only to tell you what practical steps toward these ends have been already taken. After much seeking we have been able to secure temporary and limited quarters at No. 3 Tremont Place, till by your aid and counsel we feel enabled to carry out our plans more completely.

I now present you with the list of officers and the constitution under which we have made our beginning.

The Secretary, Miss L. M. Peabody, then read the constitution from which we quote the following articles:

ART. 2. The objects of this association are, primarily, to furnish a quiet, central resting-place and place of meeting in Boston, for the comfort and convenience of its members, and ultimately to become an organized social centre for united thought and action.

ART. 6. To become a member, it is necessary to be proposed by a member, and accepted by the Board of Directors.

ART. 7. Gentlemen may became associate members.

ART. 8. The fee for membership and associate membership shall be ten dollars for the first year, and five dollars for each succeeding year. The fee for life-membership and associate life-membership shall be fifty dollars.

MRS. HOWE'S ADDRESS.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe responded to the call of the President, by reading the following paper;

To be asked to say something on an occasion like the present, implies a tacit request that we shall not say *nothing*. The insufficiency of my time and opportunity leads me to fear, lest in complying with the first of these invitations, I should fail to fulfill the conditions of the second. For the expression of good will and good wishes, however, there should always be time, and despite the limitations of hurry and of multiform occupations, I shall hope that however my greeting may be wanting in ingenuity, the deficiency may be made up in cordiality. My office to-day, therefore, shall be one of congratulation. This Woman's Club has at last got together; has at last announced its name and taken its place. It is too much in its infancy for me to predict what it shall be. But as we baptize a child in hope, making a Christian citizen of him by anticipation, so will it not be ungracious for us to hint at the future we should desire for our club.

We hope that it may be a *refuge* from social oppression. Those who come out *from* the partial provisions of ordinary society, and seek a larger sphere and more exact objects, do not therefore repudiate those same partial achievements, often the best to be attained under existing circumstances. We who come together here do not, therefore, shake off the dust from our feet against any set of people, more dressy or devout than ourselves. Nor is it with a view to any protest against the transgressor, man, that we shape our future course. He is indeed a faulty creature, but we have largely partaken in his transgressions, and have almost always been his accomplices, either before or after the fact. The benefits of association are largely recognized at the present day. The uniting of many minds and one purpose is found to be the truest human unity, and we, accustomed to association in forms larger and lesser, find a benefit in meeting here as women, with the view of advancing the comforts and resources of our sex.

In pursuing this object we shall not be deterred by the fear of any good-natured, or even of any ill-natured, raillery. It is not necessary to say in this company how easily good and noble schemes may be caricatured; nor, with what corresponding ease, poor and trivial undertakings can be for the moment dignified and exalted. Much of the caricaturing just alluded to is only the mischief which Satan keeps for idle wits to do, and we could wish that a noble contagion, emanating from this and similar organizations, might help the wits of our own sex to find other and better employment for the luxuriant growth of their satirical imaginations.

I think that one reason why people are so apt to laugh a little at the special organizations of women may be found in the discrepancy between the magnitude of their legitimate aim and the smallness of their achievement. To talk about woman is to talk about half, and in Massachusetts two-thirds, of the human race. Half the horizon of the world, social, moral and political, belongs to her by simple human right. She is the wife, the mother, the teacher, the nurse, the mistress of her master, the creatrix of her creator. Small in comparison with these wide possessions appears the area of a woman's club, and you and I and Mrs. A, B and C may seem much like the toy-women in that traditional Noah's Ark so familiar to our nurseries. Not the less may the small organizations reflect and reveal the great idea. The meeting-house with its parson, deacons and small officers in general, is a very small representation of the spiritual grandeurs of heaven and hell. Yet it does represent them, and no vision of Swedenborg nor poem of Dante can enable mankind to dispense with their intimate, familiar and insufficient system of reminder. So we, who stand and speak in the name of woman, are small suggestions of a mighty theme. But the world's great results are all accomplished by small beginnings made in good faith, and carried on to the ripening of experience. The possible use and dignity to which these efforts may attain is no more to be measured by their first dimensions, than the great mustard tree by the infinitesimal seed from which, according to the Scripture, it springs. The past and present give us every reason to believe that two or three gathered together, with the true spirit of faith and progress in the midst of us, may attain to goods and uses, which the wisest of us does not at the present foresee.

One thing, I think, I may promise for our club. It will be no mutual admiration society. Do not laugh at this. Men accuse us for not being prone to flatter each other. My meaning is, that, as our protest is against the partial views in which a great part of our sex is educated, we are bound not to adopt a standard more partial than that even of their education. We must not insist that what a woman does is better because done by her; overpraising sculptures, poems, and what not, because of their feminine execution, thus ourselves adopting the saying of Dr. Johnson that the wonder of a woman's preaching was not that she did it so well, but that she did it at all. In all that we propose to do, we must be satisfied with no side-ambitions, no partial glorifications. In all the great works that humanity has accomplished we have had our share. We have suggested where we have not spoken; we have inspired where we have not painted or modelled; we have endowed where we have not builded. It is quite right that we, in turn, should speak, should paint or model, should in short attempt the embodiment of our ideal experience in all the forms of art. But we must not insist too much upon work which shall always be stamped and recognized as ours. The magnificent pictures of the dawn, noon and sunset have not *Jehovah fecit* written in the corner. The sun has never taken out an Apollo patent. Jesus Christ had no copyright for the words which have remodelled the world. I think that much of our womanly work has necessarily to be done after this manner. The subtle influence of character, the noiseless protest of the nicest taste, the sincerity of inward moral conviction, these are elements which we are bound to supply in society, and so far as we attempt either, in art and literature. They are indispensable to the perseverance of the race. Much of our work, therefore, must be done at home and in small pieces. Our miniature saints and sinners require our strictest care and attention.

Our club will, we hope, supply us with wisdom for our home-wants, and with recreation from our home-cares. It will also be a larger sort of home, where sympathy will find an exercise not bounded by blood or business relationships. We all have those who are bound to care for, and in turn to depend on us. Here we shall further enjoy a free, elective friendship. We shall learn from contact with each other to be more just and generous to our sex. We shall meet and part in remembrance of an universal sisterhood, whose sacred name called us together to-day, and whose sacred claims our whole life must more and more acknowledge.

MRS. EDNAH D. CHENEY'S REMARKS.

When I look upon this audience assembled before me to-day it seems a very little thing to say to them that we have secured a few rooms where, when weary, they may come and rest, may lay down their bundles, have a cup of tea, and perchance meet some friend or stranger with whom they may exchange a few words, or beguile the hours of waiting with the last periodical or newspapers. And yet it may not be such a very little thing. We build the home for our own convenience and comfort; yet who is satisfied unless it serves for higher uses of conversation or the interchange of thought and feeling, and of hospitality and benevolence radiating out from it to all who come within its influence. A true woman makes a home wherever she is.

So we build our home that we may economize our strength and time for good uses. The hour of rest may become a time of living refreshment; the waiting period, instead of being wasted in the heat and foul air of a railroad station, may be turned to sweet uses of social intercourse or reading.

We especially hope that we may, by a more intimate union and freer relation to each other, serve also the cause of women who are toiling unknown and need sympathy and help. We hope to have a registry for the higher sort of labor, and in time, perhaps, to have a committee, to whom a stranger may make her abilities and her needs known, so as to find counsel and help and encouragement.

"If you ask us what pledge we give that our purposes will be carried out faithfully, we can only answer—ourselves. The women whose names are on our list are our only proof that we are not seeking a lounging place, where in idle gossip we may pass away an hour, but only a place where we may gather up our forces to labor anew at the great work of humanity.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

We have placed our admission-fee very low, because we know that to many whom we most value a small sum is of consequence. Theodore Parker used to say it was all over with a church when the poor left it, and we should feel sadly straightened if wealth were a necessary pass-key into our home. And yet, we must limit our admission somewhat, and our test might be called that of Christian courtesy. We are not restricted to any sect or party, but we wish only those to join us who can be as tender to others' convictions as they are true to their own. So, meeting, we must radiate good influences and good fellowship, and truer knowledge of each other will lead to higher and wider uses.

Rev. John Weiss of Watertown, Rev. O. B. Frothingham of New York, Dr. J. F. Clarke and Mr. R. W. Emerson responded in the most cordial and appreciative spirit to the statements of the ladies; the last two dwelling especially on the social needs and social attractions of such a centre of rest and meeting.

ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN WEISS.

Mr. Weiss welcomed the club most warmly. "Its first need," he said, "is a hearty expression of sympathy, of recognition of its claim to our regard. We all ought to stand forth and welcome the ideas which this club is destined to represent, and to offer our service.

"I am sure that the relations between man and woman, and many interesting problems of society and education, will be none the worse for this establishment of a central exchange of thought and feeling, which begins modestly enough, but proposes a direction that will lead into very ample fields. How fine it is, too, the idea of a refuge for all strangers, young girls of spirit and talent, seeking employment, but above all things sympathy and encouragement. These ladies will attract to their side, for the sole object of cheering and counselling, many a gentle spirit that is all afloat for want of aid that they can give—a place for advice, a bureau of art, a parlor for society, a saloon for discussion and amusement, and a few simple household comforts—these are grand objects, and I see them realized in a not distant future."

Mr. Weiss very playfully, yet most earnestly, besought help from the ladies in the matter of domestic service. "I am convinced," he said, "that the women must go into council on this question, which, now that the Anti-Slavery matter is well-nigh settled, looms ominous, and threatens the sweetness and dignity of American society. We commend the subject to central opportunities for deliberation, and hope that these earnest women will have it on their docket of philanthropy. Perhaps in this way so strong a public opinion may be created among women of all classes, that they will conspire to regulate this relation between domestics and employers, to establish uniformity of wages and customs, to lay down some rules which it will not be honorable to break, to devise measures of self-defence, and inspire methods for improving and elevating the class of servants.

"Let me, then, finish as I began, by welcoming this attempt to bring women together for comfort, delight and remunerative intercourse. This club will grow; its objects will expand. As I said before, I am specially charmed with its promise for young women, of our own household and from abroad, who have a gift but are without an employment, whose aims and enjoyments are spiritual and artistic, and who can, at any rate appreciate the motherly and sisterly courtesy of this club. And if you discover anything I can do for you, whether to write a line, to utter a word, or to run an errand—I'm your man."

MR. FROTHINGHAM'S ADDRESS.

"I congratulate the club on being obliged to begin at the very beginning, small and poor. Every worthy enterprise began so. It was," he said, "A most encouraging feature in this Boston enterprise that it had its starting-point in actual daily convenience. Ladies in New York were turning a similar scheme over in their minds, and he hoped he might carry home to them some valuable hints from their more experienced sisters in Boston." Mr. Frothingham dwelt especially on the proposed registry. "There was great need," he said, "that women who had some fine accomplishments, such as drawing, painting, embroidering, decorating, reading, writing, copying, teaching, on which they must depend for a livelihood, should be put in communication with those who desired their work. There were places waiting for them could the holders know where the occupants could be found, but the public advertisements did not answer the purpose. If a room could be arranged to meet this demand a vast benefit would be done directly in the line of the ladies' aspirations." Mr. Frothingham felt that this would be accomplished if "more of the best order and various influences for good would be set in motion"—reacting upon the institution. Mr. Frothingham concluded with a prediction of what the club would become through sober fidelity to the nearest call. "Their parlors will be beautiful," he said, "their receptions attractive. The arts will lend their aid—music, painting, conversation. Beauty will add its charm, wit and wisdom will gladly do their part, and the Women's Club will be among the institutions that adorn and improve society.—*Christian Register.*

LITERARY.

The Radical for July is the first number of Vol. I. of a new series. It is now a full-sized handsomely printed, first-class magazine. It will hereafter be published by the editors and proprietors, S. H. Morse and J. B. Marvin at 25 Bromfield street, Boston. The opening article is a very interesting, finely written paper on "Art and Religion," contributed by Mrs. E. D. Cheney. We extract the following:

ART AND RELIGION.

"Indeed, religion and art vie with each other in elevating the thoughts of humanity. Its infinite, ever-varying, inexhaustible power of suggestion in beauty, make the human body always as fresh and original to the artist, as if human eye had never looked upon it before. The human figure is capable of all expression, and we are not surprised that Swedenborg goes so far as to say the heavens are in the form of a man.

"Like religion, art does not stand appalled at the great mystery of death. Loving manifestation as it does, seeing in the outward the fitting and inevitable garb of the spirit, regarding the body not as the hindrance, but as the helper of the soul, knowing the inward through the outward, and expressing its divinity by humanity, with what horror might it not see the outward beauty wasted, the temple of the body destroyed. Yes, death is a great fact. My friend lives, but all which related him to me, the touch of the hand, the glance of the eye, the thrilling tone of the voice is gone. Are not these treasures lost in the present, whatever memory and hope may speak of past and future? Death is a great fact, great as sorrow, great as struggle, great as human life, but still divine. Art has her requiem for the departed, mournful, but yet comforting; she paints the dead Christ, but the beauty of his countenance suggests the risen Saviour."

Mr. Weiss contributed "My two Quests;" and a critical article on "The Policy of the American Unitarian Association;" Mr. W. A. Cram, an article on "Position;" Mr. D. C, Ingraham writes about "Great Men;" I. P. Blanchard, on "Individual Freedom." The editorials are: "Our Position Re-stated"—"Radicalism don't pay"—"Unitarian Crises."—"History repeats itself." The "Legitimate Inquiry."—"Majority-Blindness."—"The Argument."—"The Motive." Among the "Reviews and Notices" are: "Highland Rambles."—"Lives of the Apostles."—"Sermons for children."—"Report of the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass."—"The Curency."—"Egypt's place in history." A carefully prepared and very valuable paper on "The Secret of Power," is contributed by D. A. Wasson. We should be glad, if our space would permit, to reprint it entire. We quote as follows:

THE SECRET OF POWER.

"Simplification is, then, the secret. He that can rightly simplify has the magician's wand. Commend me to the man who sees where the nail is, and hits it on the head. Distraction is the devourer. Even he that simplifies downward, and bends himself undividedly to an inferior purpose, will command effect, and is chiefly the man to be feared. But he who simplifies, not as nature does, but as she forbids, makes nature his enemy, and hides a contradiction in his own being. Powerful and mischievous for a day, he is impotent to-morrow and forever. Simplify your being according to its true order, then you row with the tide, the tide of eternity, and even a feeble stroke carries you far.

"There is in almost every man force enough, if not for what the world applauds as eminent prosperity, yet for all true success, were it only pure force. Unhappily, too often it is so mixed and counteracted in us, that our life is but a neutral salt between an acid and an alkali. We are like ships that hang in the wind with the topsails aback, pressed both ways, and going neither way. It is waste that makes want, in the soul as elsewhere. As no railroad can be so thronged with travel but ill-management will make it a poor property, so there is no productivity of nature but a bad economy will bring it to naught. Simplicity of spirit conserves, makes action return to feed its own roots; begin to divide or dissipate, and there is a run upon your bank, which will break it in the end. What avails it that a fine crop is raised, if it be all destroyed in the field by mice and other vermin, so that only straw comes to the garner? Keep no such aids to unthrift upon your estate. Make war with traps and terriers upon the vanities, the timidities, the self-flatteries, and sordid wishes, that devour your spiritual substance, for these are the prodigalities that bring penury.

"It is not mere force that is so greatly needed. The force that draws up the sap of an oak, whose branches shall one day be timbers for a ship of the line, is perhaps at any given moment trifling. A very little inevitableness is better than much power to push and pull. If a man be entitled to say with Luther at the diet of Würms, "Here I stand; I *can* do no other," have an eye upon him, for of him something is to come. Now, a perfect simplification of spirit makes action inevitable; the man acting in entire wholeness does only what he must do; and while he is acting so, nature is his backer, and he her mouthpiece; then his words are charms, and his deed casts fine threads and meshes of attraction about all hearts. We feel this in reading the words of all truly biblical men. Always there is the inevitable tone. They speak what they must, and because they must. Their words are vital as heart's blood; their conviction is no shallow estuary, in which a sloop may run aground, but an unsounded sea, heaving with the hope of a universe; and in their voice we hear day unto day uttering speech, and night unto night showing forth knowledge, the primal, eternal language. As of old, so forever; always there is a "thus saith the Lord" hidden in every word, which proceeds from a perfectly pure, total, and therefore inevitable conviction. All grosser power is flaccid and abashed before this speech of entire souls. Through the Bible, our school-bred Christendom bows in modesty, these many centuries, before the inspired simplicity of untaught men; confessing in their words an efficacy, that no studied eloquence can attain. Could we but learn as well as reverence!"

We continue to receive subscriptions for *The Radical* and THE STANDARD, the two for $5.00 per annum.

RECEIVED.

Harper's Monthly for August. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for August. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The *North American Review*, July, 1868. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Lippincott's Magazine for August. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The *Galaxy* for August. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The *Friend* for August. New York: 131 William street.

Littell's *Living Age*. Boston. Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Harper's Bazar. A Ladies' Illustrated Magazine of Fashion. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter*, for July and August. Pittsburgh, Pa.

IS IT HONEST?

[From the Church Union.]

Manufacturers of Shuttle or Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines, who make this class of machines only, would have the public believe that the shuttle-stitch alone can or ought to be used in any of the various industries in which the Sewing Machine is employed. Let us examine with how much reason, truth, or honesty they seek to force this conviction, and what methods they employ.

They claim that the shuttle-stitch is "alike on both sides" of the material.

IT IS TRUE that the shuttle-stitch CAN BE MADE "alike on both sides" of THICK CLOTH OR LEATHER by expert operators; but that this stitch forms a perfect seam "alike on both sides" of thin material IS NOT TRUE, as every Sewing Machine operator knows.

They claim "economy of thread" for the shuttle-stitch.

IT IS TRUE that the quantity of thread contained in a given length of seam is less than is contained in the same length of seam sewed with the Grover and Baker stitch; but IT IS ALSO TRUE that from four to six inches of thread is WASTED AT EACH END of every shuttle-stitch seam, short or long, in order to secure the ends, and an equal or greater quantity of thread is WASTED at the end of each bobkin. IT IS ALSO TRUE that a large amount of TIME IS WASTED in fastening the ends of seams by hand, in re-winding the thread on little bobkins every half hour, and in re-adjusting the machine and work after every interruption.

They claim that the shuttle-stitch will not "rip or ravel."

IT IS TRUE that it is difficult to remove a shuttle-stitch seam, although it is very desirable sometimes to do so, but IS EQUALLY TRUE that the shuttle-stitch WILL RIP out in wear if the seam is cut or broken or the ends left unfastened.

Not satisfied with claiming for their machines all the merits they possess, as well as many which they do not possess, these manufacturers wilfully misrepresent the Grover & Baker stitch (their great rival), and unblushingly publish false statements in regard to it and the machines making it.

They say that the Grover & Baker stitch wastes thread; that the seam is insecure and will ravel; and that the stitch is only fit for embroidering.

Now they know, and every one of the TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND users of the Grover & Baker stitch machines knows, that there is NOT ANY THREAD WASTED in making the Grover & Baker stitch; that the thread used by this stitch enters into the material and no more is used than is necessary to make the seam strong and elastic; that the amount of thread thus used in ordinary seams is not more than is used AND WASTED by the shuttle-stitch—in short seams it is less. There is NO TIME WASTED in fastening ends of thread, nor in winding bobbins, in making the Grover & Baker stitch; nor in adjusting the machine and work after frequent and vexatious interruptions, as the threads are fed to the machine directly from the spools, and there is no necessity for once stopping the machine during the process of working up two spools of thread, of whatever size.

They know, and every one of the TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND users of the Grover & Baker stitch machines knows, that the Grover & Baker stitch WILL NOT RIP or ravel in wear, that the seam may be cut at every sixth stitch and still remain firm, but that if required, the seam or any part of it can be removed with facility.

They know, also, that the Grover & Baker stitch machine is capable of doing the largest range of family sewing, from the very finest to the coarsest; that the work it does is more elastic, more durable and more beautiful than work done by shuttle-stitch machines, as attested by the numerous prizes awarded for it at exhibitions and fairs throughout the civilized world, in competition with the work of the shuttle-stitch; and that the capacity of the Grover & Baker machine for executing the most beautiful embroidery is an ADDITIONAL QUALITY, and a branch of machine-sewing in which it stands without a rival.

For many purposes the shuttle-stitch machines answer well, and for such purposes they are excellent machines. They are well adapted for manufacturing thick and heavy materials, not subjected to much stretching, and that do not require to be washed and ironed. This stitch, being inelastic, is not adapted for dress or cloak making, or family sewing. For these purposes, it is generally conceded that the Grover & Baker stitch is the best.

The still more extensive use of the Grover & Baker stitch machines for family sewing is especially desirable for the two following reasons. FIRST. The articles manufactured by this stitch will wear longer than those made with the shuttle-stitch, as the seam outlasts the garments; and hence the use of the Grover & Baker stitch on articles that are to be washed and ironed will prove an incalculable saving to the country. SECOND. The many difficulties and annoyances experienced by women, not expert operators, in adjusting the intricate machinery necessary to form the shuttle-stitch, have a tendency to weaken their faith in the general usefulness of Sewing Machines and discourage their employment in the household. The great simplicity of the Grover & Baker stitch machines, especially fits them for use in families; while, to the skilled operator, they offer the widest field for the most elaborate ornamental and fancy work.

Parties interested in shuttle-stitch machines only, may be disposed to question the soundness of these views; but, if the public who desire to purchase Sewing Machines will use the proper means to ascertain for themselves, by actual test, which of the two stitches is best adapted for their purpose, and not be misled by the statements, of interested parties, and if that purpose is family sewing, they will not select the shuttle-stitch..

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DIVINE COMPASSION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Long since, a dream of heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft:
I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft,
But hearing still, in middle-song,
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong;
And shrinking with hid faces, from the strain
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse and pain,

The glad song falters to a wail,
The harping sinks to low lament;
Before the still unlifted veil
I see the crowned foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly air,
With breathings of unselfish prayer:
And a Voice saith: "O Pity which is pain,
O Love that weeps, fill up my sufferings which remain!

Shall souls by me redeemed refuse
To share my sorrow in their turn?
Or, sin-forgiven, my gift abuse
Of peace with selfish unconcern?
Has saintly ease no pitying care?
Has faith no work, and love no prayer,
While sin remains, and souls in darkness dwell?
Can heaven itself be heaven and look unmoved on hell?"

Then through the Gates of Pain, I dream,
A wind of heaven blows coolly in;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more thin,
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence
Spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence;
And through the dreary realm of man's despair
Star-crowned, an angel walks, and lo! God's hope is there!

Is it a dream? Is heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air;
Its happy eyes forever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer?
My God! my God! if thither led
By Thy free grace, unmerited,
No crown nor palm be mine; but let me keep
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that still can weep!

N. Y. Independent.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

CHELTENHAM, England, June 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

If there is one place more than all others which travelers long to see, it is Venice. The "City on the Sea" has been an almost universal theme; writers have dilated upon it, poets have devoted to it some of their most beautiful lines, with artists it is a favorite subject (you will find in every gallery "A scene in Venice") and musicians have charmed us with "The Carnival of Venice." Now some people are disappointed in Venice, others think it a fine city although not up to their expectations, but the vast majority admire and praise it and find that instead of not equalling their hopes, it far exceeds them. Among the latter I am happy to count myself, although our stay was so brief that I can hardly say that I have entirely seen that wonderful city. Everybody knows, of course, that Venice is on the Adriatic and that it is built on piles; that there are no streets except those formed by the water itself, and that locomotion is accomplished by means of gondolas which are a kind of flat-bottomed canoe, with a little hut or cabin in the centre. The sights of Venice are its churches, its picture gallery and the Piazza San Marco. Perhaps I ought to add that the gondolas are a sight in themselves, for they are peculiar to Venice, and there are 4,000 of them in the city. In the church of St. Maria del Frari are the monuments of Canova and Titian, and I have never seen anywhere two more beautiful examples of modern sculpture. That of Canova was by himself and intended for Titian, but the former dying before he completed his work, it was made his own tomb. The picture gallery contains most of the best paintings of Titian, who was himself a Venetian, and those of other great native artists. I spent part of one day in examining the gallery and the churches, going from one to the other in a gondola. It is certainly a very novel mode of conveyance, being paddled through a city and up to the very steps of houses, for in a great many instances the water washes the door steps. In the evening, I took a walk to the Piazza San Marco. This square, with its grand old church and the famous winged "Lion of St. Marc," its elegant buildings, its brilliant shops and gay cafes, is the most splendid one I have ever seen, and at night, the scene is really magnificent. Then the square is thronged with people, the tricolour of Italy, a new sight to Venetian eyes, waves from the tall flagstaff before the church, the bands are playing, the cafes are crowded, lights are placed in every available position, and all is life and animation. But turn from this gaiety, and enter the adjoining square, called Piazzetta or Little Square. What a contrast it is to the other! In front are the calm, still waters of the Adriatic, illumined by the brightness of the moon, which tinges the water with its yellow light, and throws a kind of halo over all surrounding objects, while about you, there is not perhaps an individual except the soldier on guard, who looks now and then towards the Piazza as if he wanted very much to be there too. The gondolas flit up and down, their lights flashing in every direction and the evening song of the gondoliers is wafted to the shore. When, at length, I reluctantly bent my steps homeward, I had made up my mind that Venice was at once the most fascinating and most romantic city in the world.

The next afternoon, after my walk in the Piazza, I paid a visit to the church of San Marco. There is not much to see inside, the best part being the church itself, which is an odd, yet beautiful blending of Oriental and Gothic architecture. Coming out of the church, I hailed a gondola, and told the gondoliers to take me where they pleased. "Very well, sir," replied one of them, "I think we know where to take you." First we went to the Lido, a narrow island which makes the shore of the Adriatic, and then to the Public Gardens of Venice. Afterward, turning about, we came back and passing under the bridge of the "Rialto" (where Shylock made the bargain for his pound of flesh) entered the Grand Canal, which is the principal street, as you may say, of Venice. It is lined on either side, throughout its entire length, with splendid palaces, belonging for the most part, to Italian nobility, a few being owned by foreign princes and rich bankers. The motion of a gondola is very peculiar. They are neither paddled nor yet rowed, but the motive power is a cross between the two. You seem to glide along, with an almost imperceptible motion, totally unlike that of any other mode of locomotion and the effect produced on both mind and body is most quieting and refreshing.

Seated in a gondola on that ever to be remembered afternoon, and floating, as it were, down the Grand Canal, I felt that I never wanted to leave Venice. When I looked above at the deep blue Italian sky, around me at the beautiful palaces, each one different from its neighbor; in front, at the crowd of gondolas, all filled with merry pleasure seekers, and through whom we slowly made our way, when, in short, I glanced my eye over the whole scene, I considered that my wish was almost a pardonable one. The next day, however, we were far away from Venice, whizzing along in the train to Milan, where we arrived the same evening.

We stopped in Milan a night and a day, seeing all the principal sights, among which the Cathedral stands at the head, and its interior is to me the grandest of any one I have ever seen, St. Peter's alone excepted. We also went to the Church and Convent of "Santa Maria della Grazia," to see the far famed fresco of "The Last Supper" by Leonardo di Vinci. The frescoe is painted on one of the walls of the refectory in the convent, and although nearly ruined, yet there are still sufficient portions remaining to prove it one of the most beautiful and wonderful works of art that the seventeenth century produced. There is so much of expression and genuine beauty in the faces of our Saviour and of the Apostles. I can well imagine, however, that Leonardi di Vinci should have painted such a picture from an examination of his portrait. It is now before my mind, as I saw it in the "Uffizi" at Florence. He has a face beaming with love and goodness, his soul seems to expand in his eyes, and his countenance and expression convey the idea of a man possessed solely of a spiritual nature.

We also visited the Palais des Beaux Arts, but I do not remember having seen anything of special note. After all the art treasure of Rome and Florence, it is rather hard work to toil through any other galleries. We left Milan the next evening, en route for Paris, via Turin, the Mount Cenis and Savoy. Reaching Turin at midnight, we waited an hour and a half for the mail train, and then after another hour's travel, arrived at Lusa, the last Italian town. Here we waited another hour and then took our places in the diligence. I had secured our seats in the coupe by telegraphing from Milan, for otherwise, diligence traveling is not agreeable, the coupe being the only comfortable part. After sundry other delays, we started at three in the morning, in the midst of darkness and a pouring rain, to cross the pass of the Mount Cenis. A nice time and fine weather in which to traverse an Alpine pass, wasn't it?

It certainly added a little to the romance and wildness of the affair, considering that it was our first time in a diligence. There was a large number of passengers, and six large diligences were required, to transport them. Each diligence was drawn by ten mules and two horses and as we rattled out of the station at Lusa, the noise of their bells, the shouts of the muleteers, the incessant cracking of whips and the different coloured lights on the diligences, as they flashed out amid the darkness and rain, all made up a scene at once unique and wierd. About half way upon the Italian side of the pass, in a narrow part of the road, bordering steep precipices and ravines, our diligence, which was the second, in attempting to pass another one coming down, went smash against it. Then you may imagine the scene; ladies screamed, the drivers swore, the horses reared and plunged, and as for the mules, they pulled every way but the right. And all this on a road about eight feet wide and with only a wooden fence between us and a sheer precipice! At last, when the drivers had exhausted their vocabulary of oaths, and had lashed the poor horses to their heart's content, they went properly to work, the wheels were parted and we continued on our way rejoicing. At the highest point in the road, 7,000 feet above the sea level, is a plateau, seven miles in length. Here we changed horses and detaching the mules, put on six horses in their stead, making eight horses in all. With these we sped along at a dashing rate until the descent commenced, when the six were taken off again, and with only two horses we went down the mountain side at break-neck pace, round and round, turning the sharp corners with tremendous jerks, but yet with consummate skill, until, at twelve, noon, we drew up in the railway station at San Michel, having crossed the pass in nine hours. The Paris train was waiting, but time was given for dinner, after which the cry of *En voiture!* sounded through the waiting rooms, and at quarter past one we started direct for Paris, which city we reached the next morning at quarter past eleven.

We remained but a week in Paris and then came directly to England. We had a remarkably smooth passage across the Channel; the water was like a sea of glass not even a ripple to be seen. The English Channel has a world-wide reputation for roughness and it is a very rare thing to find it calm. In London, no stop was made, as we were *en route* for this town to meet some friends.

Cheltenham, where I am yet sojourning, is in the county of Gloucester and is esteemed the finest town in England. It is a favorite summer resort and in the time of George IV. was the most fashionable and gayest place in the country. It yet retains some of its former popularity, but the Queen who used to visit the town when a Princess, has refused to come since, although a splendid hotel was built specially for her reception. The story is that when here once with the Duchess of Kent, her mother, there were published some caricatures of distinguished people, including one of herself, which so offended the future Queen that she would never visit the town again.

Cheltenham possesses several mineral springs, and the waters are taken by invalids with good effect. There are many delightful walks about the town and two public gardens, respectively named; Pittville and Montpellier. Cheltenham possesses, besides, a college, beautifully situated, and which contains 700 students. From here we return shortly to London.

Now that I have tried to narrate to you our wanderings, I would, before closing, like to write you some news, but there is rather a dearth of it.

The reigning Prince Michael of Servia, while walking in the Topschidar Park, at Belgrade, on June 10th, was attacked by three men and shot down with revolvers. As Servia is *terra incognita* to most people, I may as well state that it is a petty Danubian principality bordering on Turkey, from which it has only a short time been free. The Prince, at the moment of the murder, was walking in the park, accompanied by the Princess Anka and her daughter Catherine, a child of fourteen. An aide-de-camp and a servant followed a little behind. Suddenly the little girl Catherine gave a scream, and ran back towards the Prince and her mother, at the same moment that three men sprang from the bushes. Two threw themselves on the Prince and one on Princess Anka, three reports were heard and three bodies rolled on the ground, those of the Prince, the Princess and her daughter. The assassins then turned, fired at the aid-de-camp and servant, and took to their heels, discharging their revolvers as they ran. The Prince Michael was quite dead, and the Princess Anka died the next day. Her daughter, the aide-de-camp and servant were only slightly wounded. The act is ascribed to a political conspiracy, fomented by the partisans of the dethroned Prince Kara Georgewitch. The assassins are in custody.

The coming war yet hangs fire, although both France and Prussia continue their warlike preparations on the most extensive scale and neither power relaxes its vigilance for an instant. The general opinion is that either Luxembourg or the Eastern question will be the pretence, for although the former question is supposed to have been settled, yet such is not the case, for the French have many zealous agents and partisans in the Duchy who manage to keep the French annexation fire still burning.

Under the new press law, which allows anybody to publish a newspaper without previous authorization, several new papers have been started in Paris, and it is a curious fact that they are all in opposition to the government. One of them, "La Lanterne," edited by M. Henri Rochefort, has been more daring than the rest, and the result has been the seizure of one whole issue, the second number which appeared. One of the little *bon mots* contained therein was as follows: "Scene, a cafe; a gentleman looking for the newspaper; he calls to the waiter.

Waiter! "La France!"

Waiter;—"It is not at liberty, sir."

Gentleman—"Ah well! I cannot wait, it will be too long."

The sale, however, of "La Lanterne" before it was seized, had already amounted to 90,000 copies, bringing in to this racy exponent of disagreeable truths the *comfortable sum of* $2.000.

Prince Napoleon has gone on a mission to Austria. Nobody knows what for, but nothing of importance will probably result from it. In passing through Munich; he was snubbed by the King of Bavaria, who evidently had the fear of Prussia before his eyes. It is said the Prince was made very angry by such discourteous proceedings. From Austria he goes to Turkey, to Constantinople to see the Sultan.

An invitation has been put forth by Count Gortschakoff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, proposing that all the Great Powers shall unite with Russia in abolishing the use of explosive bullets in time of war. The Emperor Napoleon has sent in his adhesion to this proposal. As is wisely remarked by a French paper: "Better, abolish the use of bullets altogether." In England, the Tory party, now in power, are making the most of their time, well knowing that when the the new elections occur under the new reform bill, they will be badly beaten, and that Mr. Disraeli's cabinet will have to vacate to Gladstone, Russell & Co.

In the theatrical and musical world, there is nothing particularly new. Patti and Mlle. Christine Nillsson, the celebrated Swedish prima-donna are singing in opera in London. Mario is said to be in better voice this year than ever. Miss Kellogg, well-known among American opera goers, is generally praised by the London critics. Her singing in Don Giovanni, as Zerlina, gave great satisfaction.

At the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, a grand musical affair, called the "Handel Triennial Festival," has just taken place. Every singer of note, at present in England, took part, and a stronger array of first-class musical talent has never probably before been gathered together. Among those who took part were Mademoiselles Titiens, Patti, Nillsson, Kellogg and Carola, Mesdames Rudersdorff, Sainte-Dolby and Sherrington, Messrs. Sims, Reeves, Santley, Foli, Mario and a host of others. The orchestra numbered six hundred, led by M. Costa, and immense crowds attended the performances which lasted three days. The Messiah was given the first day; a selection from Handel's works the second day, and Israel in Egypt on the last day. During the second day's performance, Mlle Kellogg gave "O had I Jubal's lyre" which "was rendered with immense brilliancy and animation and was applauded vehemently." (I quote from the report).

Of miscellaneous news, I send a few scraps. The triumphant and almost bloodless termination of the Abyssinian Expedition has caused great delight in England. The official report of the campaign by Sir Robert Napier has just been published. It is an interesting, though elaborate document, and the General testifies to the great bravery of the Abyssinians, who returned again and again to the charge until wiped out by the Snyder rifles of the British. Sir Robert is now on his way to England, and it is thought that he will be made a Peer.

The Fell Railway across the Mount Cenis, from San Michel to Susa and vice versa, was opened for public traffic on June 15th. This makes the second railway constructed over a mountain pass, the Brenner, of which I sent you an account last year, being the first. The trains by this new railway accomplish the distance between Susa and St. Michel in five hours, thus saving four, which is the extra time consumed by the diligence. The Fell Railway is looked upon as a great triumph of engineering skill, the incline in some places being exceedingly steep, and engines having to be made especially for them. If I get an opportunity I will write you something more about the Fell Railway.

The improvements effected in the city of Paris by Baron Haussman, Prefect of the Seine, have cost the municipality 45,333,005 francs.

Comment is unnecessary.

An important suit for libel has just been decided in London. The plaintiff, Risk Allah Bey, who is a Syrian, was tried at Brussels, in Belgium, in 1866, for the murder of his ward, one Charles Readley, and also for forgery. After a long and very sensational trial, he was acquitted. Risk Allah now brought an action against the London *Daily Telegraph* for having published unfair reports of the trial, and for having also, in an editorial article, insinuated that although Risk Allah was acquitted still he was guilty. After a week's trial, in which the very highest legal talent of London was retained by both sides, a verdict was given for the plaintiff, with damages to the amount of 960 pounds, about $4,800. The next day following, a similar action was commenced against the *Morning Standard*, which was gained by the defendants, they proving that they had sent an ample apology.

E. Q. P.

A WELCOME.

Here's a welcome to you, Professor,
Arrived on the English strand;
For your songs across the Atlantic
In the tongue of the mother-land.

Your lyrics are loved of the household,
That knows no Academy's law—
One hand's warm pressure is better
Than a whole world's distant awe.

It's cold in the clear blue ether,
That the king of the eagles achieves—
But the swallows have endless summer,
And build close under our eaves.

And the voices that bid you welcome,
Are many and tender and true—
They'd not shout for the best of the poets
As loud as they're hailing you!

Come to the homes of the people,
Where your household words are dear;
There's seldom a poet has sung them
Such lyrics of courage and cheer.

The poet who taught "Resignation,"
Who sang us the "Psalm of Life—"
You are dear to them all, Professor,
Child, parent, husband and wife!

Aye, let universities seat you
In Temples of Honors and Arts;
The people of England, sir, greet you,
And open the doors of their hearts.

London Fun.

The Queen of England lately gave a breakfast, sometime in the afternoon, and had it officially announced that gentlemen should appear "In evening coats with morning trousers;" which is understood to mean black coats and pants. The English snobbery construe this announcement as a royal concession to what is regarded as a peculiarly American style of dress.

THE OLD WASHER-WOMAN.

Among your lines her hands have laden,
A laundress with white hair appears,
Alert as many a youthful maiden,
Spite of her five-and-seventy years;
Bravely she won those white hairs, still
Eating the bread hard toil obtained her,
And laboring truly to fulfil
The duties to which God ordained her.

Once she was young and full of gladness;
She loved and hoped—was wooed and won;
Then came the matron's cares—the sadness
No loving heart on earth may shun.
Three babes she bore her mate; she prayed
Beside his sick-bed—he was taken;
She saw him in the church-yard laid,
Yet kept her faith and hope unshaken.

The task her little ones of feeding
She met unfaltering from that hour,
She taught them thrift and honest breeding;
Her virtues were their worldly dower.
To seek employment; one by one,
Forth with her blessing they departed,
And she was in the world alone—
Alone and old, but still high-hearted.

With frugal forethought, self-denying,
She gathered coin, and flax she bought,
And many a night her spindle plying,
Good store of fine-spun thread she wrought.
The thread was fashioned in the loom;
She brought it home, and calmly seated
To work, with not a thought of gloom
Her decent grave-clothes she completed.

She looks on them with fond elation;
They are her wealth, her treasure rare,
Her age's pride and consolation,
Hoarded with all a miser's care.
She dons the sark each Sabbath day
To hear the Word that faileth never,
Well-pleased she lays it then away
Till she shall sleep in it forever!

Would that my spirit witness bore me
That, like this woman, I had done
The work my Master put before me
Duly from morn till set of sun!
Would that life's cup had been by me
Quaffed in such wise and happy measure,
And that I too might finally
Look on my shroud with such meek pleasure.

HOW IT SEEMS TO BE ROBBED.

De Quincey has written a memorable essay upon "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts." Why might not burglary be made to teach moral if not æsthetic lessons? It is wonderful how we sleep. We think a slight noise will wake us. Sometimes it will, but not always. All over the house, into every room, opening every door, three men could go, as we have reason to know, collect goods for removal, test the silver and plated ware, without disturbing the deep slumbers of the sleepers.

The sensation of being robbed, like dying, is much worse to think of than to experience. It is, however, somewhat peculiar. Mrs. P. suddenly opened her eyes, and was confronted by three men standing upon the threshold of the door, and striking a match. Upon noticing her opened eyes, the leader advanced with a long knife, and inquired if she saw that? He seemed to be entirely satisfied with silence as an answer. The movement in the room awakened me; and, rising up, I demanded what all this meant. The very peremptory and rough answer of a stout, well-formed villain, as he advanced, and covered the head of the speaker with the muzzle of his revolver, was, "Not a word!" The proposition was immediately accepted. There was no sense of endangered life and no great agitation, as the imagination had no food to feed upon. The mind acted very rapidly. What was to be done? To spring at the ruffian would have exposed another life besides one's own; and here were three to one. If one had been so foolish as to sleep with a pistol under his pillow, and had no compunction about shooting, he could not have moved his hand to take it, as the cocked pistol awaited such a possible movement. The only thing which seemed, then and now, best to be done was to remain quiet, and await your hour. While this emphatic pistol-holder remained at his post, two others, masked, moved rapidly about the room gathering up the valuables. The sensation became somewhat mixed, as, from the mosquito netting, the gentlemen's shirt was drawn down, the studs and sleeve-buttons gleaming in the light of the candle. Then, thought the minister, if he had eschewed, as the Discipline suggests, ornaments of gold, he would have been spared the chagrin of this sight. Over their arms went the minister's outer garments, with keys in them that would open to something else, if the unceremonious gentlemen had time to make a further examination. This made the mind of the silent observer work even more rapidly. It was not a pleasant sound to hear the gathering up of the valuable watches hanging at the head of the bed.

All this hardly exhausted a moment of time; yet, with all the other thoughts, I had time enough to be conscious of a lively sense of pity for the unhappy wretches who had chosen so dangerous and miserable a profession. I even debated an instant whether I should utter my feelings in this regard; but the sight of the pistol and of the gliding robbers was fascinating, and the purpose died "unfulfilled." Out from the room they slipped, slamming the door, locking it, and shouting, "Stay there!" Now was the time for action. This disagreeable invitation was not accepted. Out upon the piazza roof the metaphorically weakest of the sexes was hurried; and, in the spotless garment which alone had been left, seizing a watchman's rattle, I jumped from the window of the second story, and gave the startling signal of alarm.

The leap might have been dangerous; but the one that would have been most sensible of this said this verse came to her mind, and removed all anxiety: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." The unbidden guests were evidently disturbed by this unexpected flank movement. They had taken the precaution to leave open every rear door; and, through one, with great expedition, they departed. In the shadow of stone walls and trees, they made their way to their boat, and got clear with their plunder. There is no pillow like the words of Jesus, after such a scene as this. "Come unto me," He says, "and I will give you rest." He does so; and we sleep as sweetly as if our rest had never been thus abruptly broken.—Rev. B. K. Pierce, in *Zion's Herald.*

The sums paid for cable messages by the English for a year amount to a total of seven thousand dollars, against seventy thousand dollars paid by the American press. The London papers only give the briefest telegraph items.

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EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN.

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